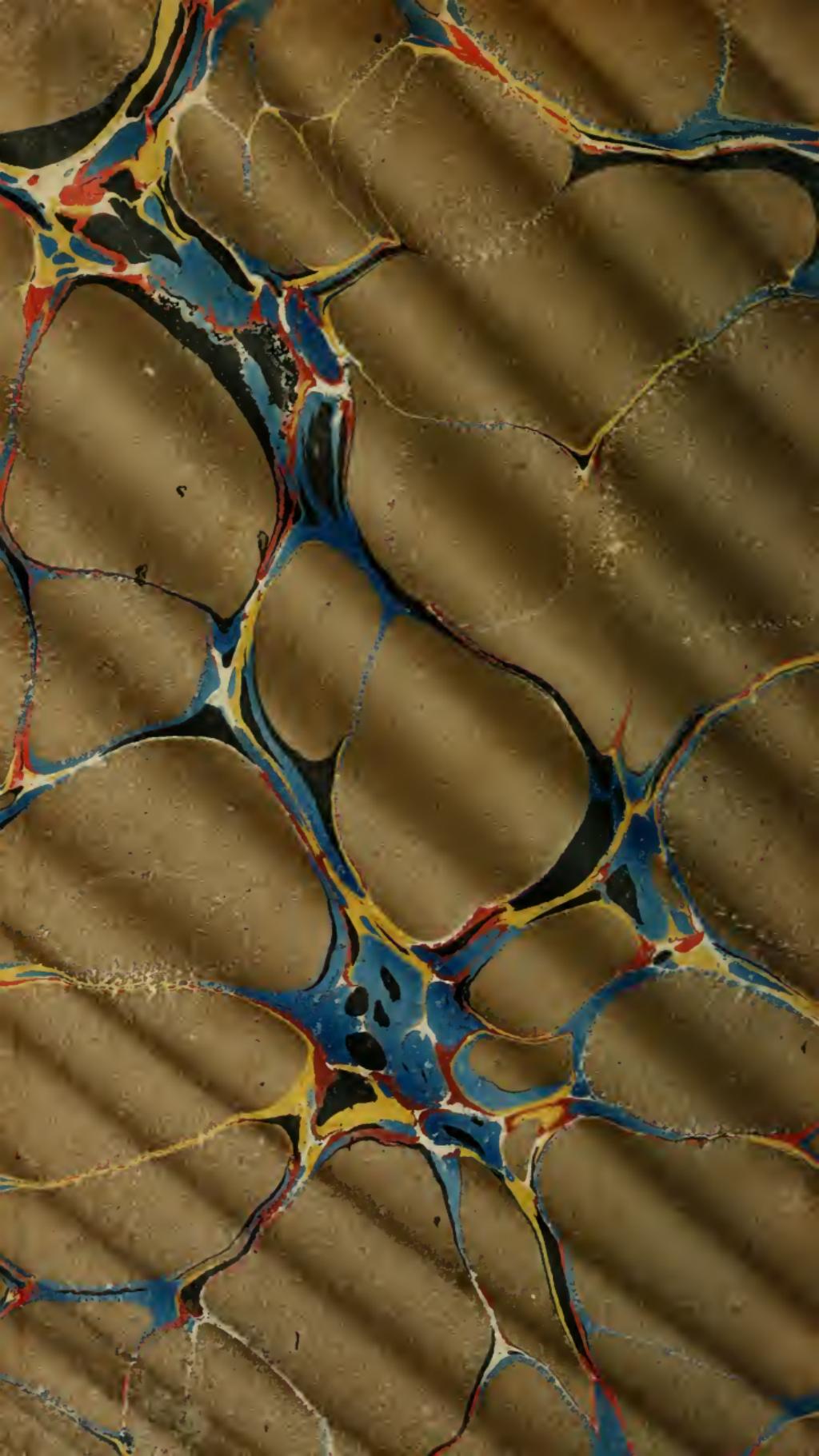
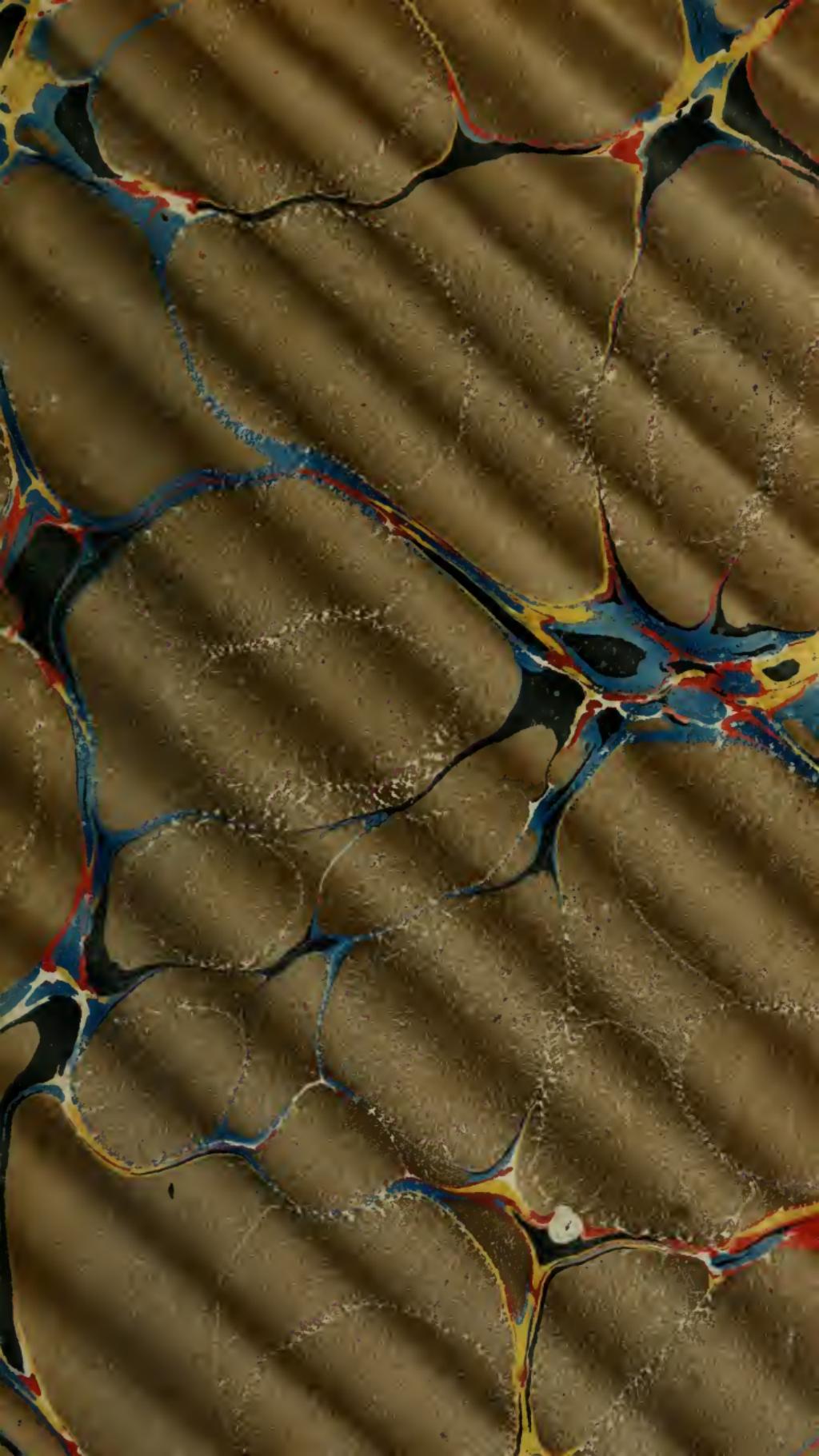
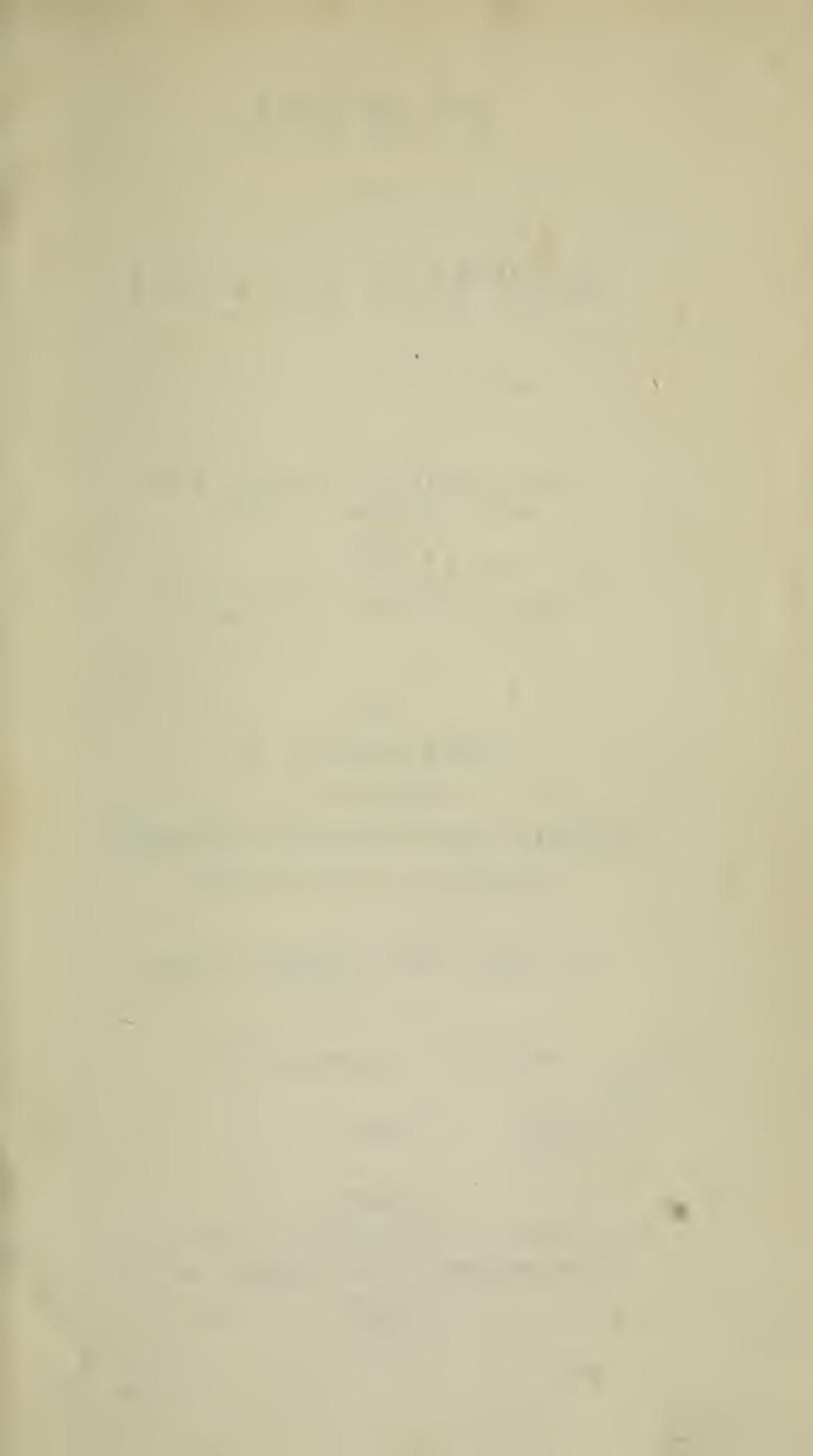


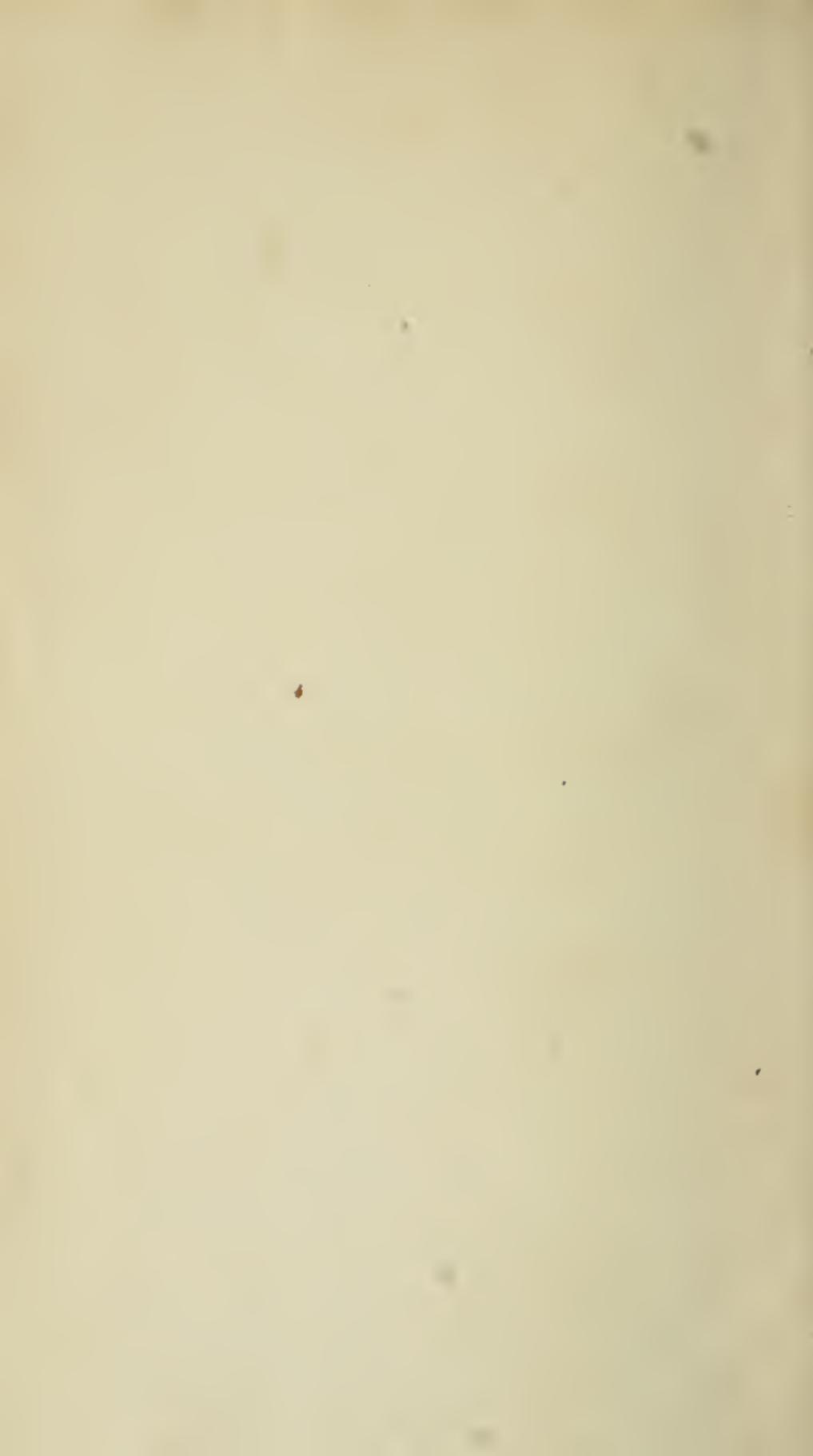
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RHymn
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H Y M N S

ON THE

LORD'S SUPPER;

BY JOHN WESLEY, M. A.

Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford,

AND

CHARLES WESLEY, M. A.

Late Student of Christ Church, Oxford.

WITH

A P R E F A C E,

CONCERNING THE

CHRISTIAN SACRAMENT AND SACRIFICE,

EXTRACTED FROM DR. BREVINT.

This do in remembrance of me. 1 COR. XI. 24.

THE ELEVENTH EDITION.

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CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
A TREATISE ON THE CHRISTIAN SACRAMENT AND SACRIFICE, BY DR. BREVINT	3
 SECTION I.	
The Importance of well understanding the Nature of this Sacrament	3
 SECTION II.	
Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a Memorial of the Sufferings and Death of Christ	4
 SECTION III.	
Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a Sign of present Graces	9
 SECTION IV.	
Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a Means of Grace	13
 SECTION V.	
Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a Pledge of future Glory	18
<i>a</i>	

CONTENTS.

	<i>Page</i>
SECTION VI.	
Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a Sacrifice	21
SECTION VII.	
Concerning the Sacrifice of Ourselves	25
SECTION VIII.	
Concerning the Sacrifice of our Goods	32

HYMNS ON THE LORD'S SUPPER.

I. As it is a Memorial of the Sufferings and Death of Christ	37
II. As it is a Sign and a Means of Grace	58
III. The Sacrament a Pledge of Heaven	105
IV. The Holy Eucharist, as it implies a Sacrifice	122
V. Concerning the Sacrifice of our Persons	133
VI. After the Sacrament	156

THE
CHRISTIAN SACRAMENT,
AND
SACRIFICE.

SECTION I.

The Importance of well understanding the Nature of this Sacrament.

1. THE Sacrament ordained by Christ the night before he suffered, which St. Paul calls “the Lord’s Supper,” is without doubt one of the greatest mysteries of godliness, and the most solemn feast of the Christian religion. At the holy table the people meet to worship God, and God is present to meet and bless his people. Here we are in a special manner invited to offer up to God our souls, our bodies, and whatever we can *give*: and God offers to us the body and blood of his Son, and all the other blessings which we have need to *receive*. So that the Holy Sacrament, like the ancient passover, is a great mystery, consisting both of *sacrament* and *sacrifice*; that is, of the religious *service* which the

people owe to God, and of the full *salvation* which God hath promised to his people.

2. How careful, then, should every Christian be to understand, what so nearly concerns both his happiness and his duty! It was on this account, that the devil, from the very beginning, has been so busy about this Sacrament, driving men either to make it a *false god*, or an *empty ceremony*. So much the more let all who have either piety towards God, or any care of their own souls, so manage their devotions, as to avoid superstition on the one hand, and profaneness on the other.

SECTION II.

Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a Memorial of the sufferings and death of Christ.

1. THE Lord's Supper was chiefly ordained for a Sacrament. 1. To *represent* the sufferings of Christ which are *past*, whereof it is a *memorial*: 2. To *convey* the first fruits of these sufferings, in *present graces*, whereof it is a means: and, 3. To assure us of *glory to come*, whereof it is an infallible *pledge*.

2. As this Sacrament looks back, it is a *memorial* which our Lord hath left in his church, of what he was pleased to suffer for her. For though these sufferings of his were both so dreadful and holy, as to make the heavens mourn, the earth quake, and all men tremble: yet because the greatest things

are apt to be forgotten when they are gone, therefore he was pleased, at his last supper, to ordain this, as a holy *memorial* and *representation* of what he was then about to suffer. So that when Christian posterity (like the young Israelites who had not seen the killing of the first passover) should come to ask after the meaning of the *bread broken*, the *wine poured out*, and the *partaking* of both ; this holy mystery might set forth both the *martyrdom* and the *sacrifice* of this crucified Saviour : giving up his *flesh*, shedding his *blood*, and pouring out his very *soul*, to atone for their sins.

3. Therefore, as at the passover, the late Jews could say, "This is the Lamb, these are the herbs, our fathers did eat in Egypt ;" because these latter feasts did so effectually represent the former : so at our Holy Communion, which sets before our eyes Christ "our passover, who is sacrificed for us ; our Saviour," says St. Austin, "doubted not to say, This is my body, when he gave the disciples the figure of his body :" especially because this sacrament duly received, makes the thing it represents, as really present for our use, as if it were newly done. "Eating this bread, and drinking this cup, ye do shew forth the Lord's death."

4. And surely, it is no *common* regard we ought to have for these venerable representations, which God himself hath set up in and for his church. For these are far more than an ordinary figure. And all sorts of *signs* and *monuments* are more or less venerable, according to the things which they represent. And these, besides their ordinary use,

bear, as it were on their face, the glorious character of their divine appointment, and the express design that God hath to revive thereby, and to expose to all our senses his sufferings, as if they were present now.

5. Ought not, then, one who looks on these ordinances, and considers the great and dreadful passages which they set before him, to say in his heart, "I observe on this altar somewhat very like the sacrifice of my Saviour?" For thus the *bread of life* was broken, thus the *Lamb of God* was slain, and his *blood* shed. And when I look on the Minister, who, by special order from God, distributes this bread and this wine, I conceive that thus God himself hath both given his Son to die, and gives us still the virtue of his death.

6. Ought he not also to reverence and adore, when he looks toward that good hand, which has appointed for the use of the church, the *memorial* of these great things? As the Israelites, whenever they saw the *cloud* on the temple, which God had hallowed to be the sign of his presence, presently used to throw themselves on their faces, not to worship the cloud, but God; so whenever I see these better signs of the glorious mercies of God, I will not fail both to remember my Lord who appointed them, and to worship him whom they represent.

7. To complete this worship, let us exercise such a faith, as may answer the great end of this sacrament. The main intention of Christ herein, was not the bare *remembrance* of his Passion; but over and above, to invite us to his sacrifice, not as

done and gone many years since, but, as to grace and mercy, still lasting, still *new*, still the same as when it was first offered for us. The sacrifice of Christ being appointed by the Father, for a propitiation that should continue to all ages; and withal, being everlasting by the privilege of its own *order*, which is “an unchangeable priesthood,” and by his worth who offered it, that is, the blessed Son of God, and by the power of “the eternal Spirit,” through whom it was offered; it must, in all respects, stand eternal, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

8. Here, then, *faith* must be as true a *subsistence* of those things past which we *believe*, as it is of the things yet to come, which we *hope* for: by the help of which, the believer being prostrate at the Lord’s table, as at the very foot of his cross, should, with earnest sorrow, confess and lament all his sins, which were the nails and spears that pierced his Saviour. We ourselves “have crucified that just One. Men and brethren, what shall we do?” Let us fall amazed at that stroke of divine justice, that could not be satisfied but by the death of God! *How dreadful is this place!* How deep and holy is this mystery! What thanks should we pay for those inconceivable mercies of God the Father, who so gave up his only Son! And for the mercies of God the Son, who thus gave himself up for us!

9. My Lord and my God, I behold in this bread, made of corn that was cut down, beaten, ground, and bruised by men, all the heavy blows, and plagues,

and pains, which thou didst suffer from thy murderers ! I behold, in this bread, dried up and baked with fire, the fiery wrath which thou didst suffer from above ! My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken him ! The violence of wicked men first hath made him a *martyr* ; then the fire of heaven hath made him a *burnt-sacrifice*. And lo, he is become to me the “bread of life.”

Let us go, then, to take and eat it. For though the instruments that bruised him be broken, and the flames that burnt him be put out, yet this *bread* continues new. The spears and swords that slew, and the burnings that completed the sacrifice, are many years since scattered and spent. But the sweet smell of the offering still remains, the blood is still warm, the wounds are still fresh, and “the Lamb” still “standing as slain.” Any other sacrifice by time may lose its strength, but thou, O eternal Victim, offered up to God through the eternal Spirit, remainest always the same ; and as thy years shall not fail, so they shall never abate any thing of thy saving strength and mercy ! O help me, that they abate nothing of my faith ! Help me to grieve for my sins and thy pains, as they did who saw thee suffer. Let my heart burn to follow thee now, when this bread is broken at this table, as the hearts of thy disciples did, when thou didst break it in Emmaus. O, Rock of Israel, Rock of salvation, Rock, struck and cleft for me, let those two streams of *blood* and *water*, which once gushed out of thy side, bring down *pardon* and *holiness* into my soul ; and let me thirst after them now, as if I

stood upon the mountain, whence sprung this *water*; and near the cleft of that rock, the wounds of my Lord, whence gushed this sacred *blood*! All the distance of times and countries between Adam and me, doth not keep his sin and punishment from reaching me, any more than if I had been born in his house. Adam descended from above, let thy blood reach as far, and come as freely, to save and sanctify me, as the blood of my first father did both to destroy and defile me! Blessed Jesus, strengthen my faith, prepare my heart, and then bless this thine ordinance. If I but *touch*, as I ought, “the hem of thy garment,” the garment of thy passion, virtue will proceed out of thee! It shall be done according to my faith, and my poor soul shall be made whole!

SECTION III.

Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a sign of present Graces.

1. As to the *present graces* that attend the due use of this Sacrament, it is, first, a *figure* whereby God *represents*, second, An *instrument*, whereby he *conveys*, them.

First, It is a *figure* or sign thereof. It is the ordinary way of God, when he either promises or bestows on men any considerable blessing, to confirm his *word* and his *gift*, with the addition of some sign. So the *burning bush* was a sign to Moses, and the *cloud* that went with them, to the

Israelites. And in like manner hath Christ ordained outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual grace ; to assure every one who believes, that he shall be cleansed from his sins, as certainly as he sees that *water* ; and he shall be fed with the grace of God, as certainly as he feeds on this *bread* and *wine*.

2. And as *water* was fitly chosen for the outward sign in baptism, because of the virtue it hath to cleanse and purify ; so were bread and wine fitly chosen for the outward signs of what is represented in the Lord's Supper : viz. First, the sufferings of Christ ; and second, the blessings we receive thereby. First, the sufferings of Christ. This bread and wine do not sustain me, till the one has been cut down, ground, and baked with fire, and the other pressed and trodden under foot. Nor did the Son of God save me, but by being bruised, and pressed, and consumed, as it were, by the fire of God's wrath. As the best corn is not bread while it stands in the field, so neither could Jesus, living, teaching, working miracles, be the bread of life : it must be Jesus *suffering*, Jesus *crucified*, Jesus *dying*. Nothing less than the cross, than wounds, and death, my Lord, my God ! could of thy dearest Son make my Saviour.

3. This Sacrament, secondly, represents the blessings which we receive by his passion. Now as without bread and wine, or something answerable to them, the strongest bodies soon decay ; so without the virtue of the body and blood of Christ, the holiest souls must soon perish. And as bread and wine

keep up our *natural life*, so doth our Lord Jesus, by a continual supply of strength and grace, represented by bread and wine, sustain that *spiritual life* which he hath procured us by his cross.

4. The first breath of spiritual life in our nostrils, is the first purchase of Christ's blood. But, alas! how soon would this first life vanish away, were it not followed and supported by a second! Therefore, the sacrifice of Christ procures also grace, to renew and preserve the life he hath given. As the blood which he shed, satisfied the divine justice, and removed our punishment, so the water washes and cleanses the pardoned soul; and both these blessings are inseparable; even as the blood and water were, which flowed together out of his side.

5. There yet remains another life, which is an absolute redemption from death and our miseries. This, as to the right of it, is, together with the other, purchased with the same sacrifice: but as to the possession, it is reserved for us in heaven, till Christ become our full and final redemption. Now the Giver of these lives, is the Preserver of them too; and to this end, he sets up a table by his altar, where he engages to feed our souls, with the constant supply of his mercies, as really as he feeds our bodies with his bread and wine. In the deliverance from Egypt, here is a people saved by the sacrifice of the passover; and lest they should die in the wilderness, there you see an angel leading them with his light, keeping them cool under the shadow of his cloud, and feeding them with manna. Jesus is the Truth foreshowed by these figures. He was the

true passover, when he died upon the cross. And he feeds from heaven, by continually pouring out his blessings, the souls he redeemed by pouring out his blood.

6. Thus this Sacrament alone represents at once, both what our Lord suffered, and what he still doth for us. What we take and eat, is made of a substance, cut, bruised, and put to the fire; that shews my Saviour's passion: and it was used thus, that it might afford me food; that shews the benefit I receive from his passion. In the Sacrament are represented both life and death; the life is mine; the death my Saviour's. O blessed Jesus, my life comes out of thy death; and the salvation which I hope for, is purchased with all the pain and agonies which thou didst suffer!

7. Author of my salvation! bestow on me these two blessings, which the Sacrament shews together; Mercy, and Strength to keep mercy. Hosannah! O Son of David, save and preserve! Save me, that I may not fall by the hand of the destroyer; and preserve me, that after this salvation I may not fall by my own hand: but set forward in me, notwithstanding all my sins, the work of thy faithful mercies. Let me not increase my guilt, by abusing what thou gavest. My Saviour, my Preserver, give me always what thou givest once. Create in me a new heart; but keep what thou createst, and increase more and more what thou plantest. O Son of God, feed this tender branch, which without thee cannot but wither; and strengthen thou a bruised reed, which without thee cannot but fall!

Father of everlasting compassions, forsake not in the wilderness a feeble Israelite, whom thou hast brought a little way out of Egypt; and let not a poor soul, whom thou hast helped awhile, ever faint and fall from the right way! Thou art as able to perfect me with the blessings out of thy throne, as to redeem me by the sacrifice on thy cross. O thou, who art the truth of what thou biddest me take, perform in me what thou dost shew. Give me eternal life by those thy sufferings; for here is the *body broken*: give also strength and nourishment for this life; for here is the *bread of heaven*.

SECTION IV.

Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a means of Grace.

1. HITHERTO we have considered this holy Sacrament both as a *memorial* of the death of Christ, and a *sign* of those graces wherewith he sustains and nourishes believing souls. But this is not all: for both the end of the holy Communion, the wants and desires of those who receive it, and the strength of other places of Scripture require, that much more be contained therein, than a bare *memorial* or *representation*. 1. The end of the holy Communion, which is to make us partakers of Christ in another manner, than when we only hear his word. 2. The wants and desires of those who receive it; who seek not a bare *representation* or *remembrance*. I want and seek my Saviour himself, and

I haste to this Sacrament for the same purpose that St. Peter and John hasted to his sepulchre ; because I hope to find Him there. 3. The strength of other places in Scripture, which allow it a far greater virtue than of representing only : “ The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ ? ” A *means* of communicating the blood, there represented and remembered, to every believing soul ?

2. And that it doth convey grace and blessing to the true believer, is evident from its conveying a curse to the profane. “ Whosoever eateth unworthily,” said St. Paul, “ eateth damnation to himself.” And how can we think, that it is thus really hurtful when abused ; but not really blissful in its right use ? Or that this bread should be effectual to procure death, but not effectual to procure salvation ? God forbid that the body of Christ, who came to save, not to destroy, should not shed as much of its “ savour of life ” to the devout soul, as it doth of its “ savour of death ” to the wicked and impenitent.

3. I come then to God’s altar with a full persuasion, that these words, “ This is my body,” promise me more than a *figure* ; that this holy banquet is not a bare *memorial* only, but may actually *convey* its many blessings to me, as it brings curses on the profane receiver. Indeed in what *manner* this is done, I know not ; it is enough for me to admire. “ One thing I know,” (as said the blind man of our Lord,) “ he laid clay upon mine eyes, and behold I see.” He hath blessed and given me this bread, and my soul received comfort. I

know, that clay hath nothing in itself, which could have wrought such a miracle. And I know that this *bread* hath nothing in itself, which can impart grace, holiness, and salvation. But I know also, that it is the ordinary way of God to produce his greatest works, at the presence (though not by the power) of the most useless instruments. At the very stroke of a rod, he divided the sea. At the blowing of some trumpets, he threw down massy walls. At the washing in Jordan, he cured Naaman of a plague that was naturally incurable. And when but a shadow went by, or some oil was dropped, or clothes were touched by those that were sick, presently *virtue went out*, not of rods, or trumpets, or shadows, or clothes,—but of himself.

4. It was the right hand of the Lord, which of old time brought these mighty things to pass, either when the Red Sea opened a way for Israel to march, or when the rock poured out rivers to refresh them. And so now it is Christ himself, with his body and blood, once offered to God upon the cross, and ever since standing before him as slain, who fills his church with the perfumes of his sacrifice, whence faithful communicants return home, with the first-fruits of salvation. Bread and wine can contribute no more to it, than the rod of Moses, or the oil of the Apostles. But yet, since it pleaseth Christ to work thereby, O my God, whensoever thou shalt bid me, “Go, and wash in Jordan,” I will go; and will no more doubt of being made clean from my sins, than if I had bathed in thy blood. And when thou sayest, “Go, take and eat this bread, which I

have blessed," I will doubt no more of being fed with the bread of life, than if I were eating thy very flesh.

5. This victim having been offered up in the fulness of times, and in the midst of the world, which is Christ's great temple, and having been thence carried up to heaven, which is his sanctuary; from thence spread salvation all around, as the burnt offering did its smoke. And thus his body and blood have every where, but especially at this sacrament, a true and real presence. When he offered himself upon earth, the vapour of his atonement went up and darkened the very sun: and by rending the great veil, it clearly showed, he had made a way into heaven. And since he has gone up, he sends down to earth the graces that spring continually both from his everlasting sacrifice, and from the continual intercession that attends it. So that we need not say, "Who will go up into heaven?" since without either ascending or descending, this sacred body of Jesus, fills with atonement and blessings the remotest parts of this temple.

6. Of these blessings Christ from above is pleased to bestow sometimes more, sometimes less, in the several ordinances of his church, which, as the stars in heaven, differ from each other in glory. *Fast-ing, hearing his word,* are all good vessels, to draw water from this well of salvation. But they are not all equal. The holy Communion, when well used, exceeds as much in blessing, as it exceeds in danger of a curse, when wickedly and irreverently taken.

7. This great and holy mystery communicates to us, the death of our blessed Lord, both as “offering himself to God,” and as giving himself to man. As *he offered himself to God*, it enters me into that mystical body for which he died, and which is dead with Christ; yea, it sets me on the very shoulders of that eternal Priest, while he offers up himself, and intercedes for his spiritual Israel. And by this means it conveys to me the “communion of his sufferings,” which leads to a communion in all his graces and glories. As *he offers himself to man*, the holy Sacrament is, after the sacrifice for sin, the true sacrifice of peace-offering, and the *table* purposely set, to receive those mercies that are sent down from his *altar*. “Take and eat; this is my body which was broken for you. And this is the blood which was shed for you.”

8. Here, then, I wait at the Lord’s table, which both *shows* me what an Apostle, who had heaven for his school, had the greatest mind to see and learn, and *offers* me the richest gift which a saint can receive on earth, the Lord Jesus *crucified*.

Amen, my Lord and my God! Give me all that thou shwest, and grant that I may faithfully keep all thou givest. Bless thine ordinance, and make it an *effectual means* of thy grace: then bless and sanctify my heart also. O my Father, here I offer up to thee my soul; and thou offerest to me thy Son. What I offer is, indeed, an unclean habitation to receive the “Holy One of Israel.” Come in, nevertheless, thou eternal Priest; but cleanse thy house at thy coming. I am a poor, sinful, lost

creature; but such as I am, sinful and lost, I wait for thy salvation. Come in, O Lord, with thy salvation, to a dying man, and make me whole; to a sinner, bound hand and foot, and release me. Come, as thou didst to the publican. Oh! let this day salvation come to this house.

SECTION V.

Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a Pledge of future Glory.

1. A PLEDGE and an earnest differ in this, that an *earnest* may be allowed upon *account*, for part of that payment which is promised, whereas *pledges* are taken back. Thus for example, zeal, love, and those degrees of holiness, which God bestows in the use of his sacraments, will remain with us when we are in heaven, and there make part of our happiness. But the sacraments themselves shall be taken back, and shall no more appear in heaven than did the cloudy pillar in Canaan. We shall have no need of these sacred *figures* of Christ, when we see him face to face: or of these *pledges* of that glory to be revealed, when we shall actually possess it. But till this day, the holy sacrament hath that third use, of being a *pledge* from the Lord, that he will give us that glory.

2. Our Lord pointed at this, when he said to his disciples, the holy cup being in his hand, that he would "drink no more of that fruit, till he should

drink it new in the kingdom of his Father." In the purpose of God, his church and heaven go both together: that being the way that leads to this, as the *holy place* to the *holiest*: both which are implied in what Christ calls the "kingdom of God." Whosoever therefore are admitted to this *dinner* of the Lamb, unless they be wanting to themselves, need not doubt of being admitted to the *marriage supper* of Him, who was dead, but "now liveth for evermore."

3. Our Saviour hath given us by his death three kinds of life: and he promises to nourish us in every one of them, by these tokens of bread and wine, which he hath made this sacrament. Two of these are already nourished hereby; but the third we are not yet come to. This is that eternal life, for which we are as yet too vile vessels. We are now neither of age to enjoy our inheritance, nor able to bear the weight of eternal glory. And therefore it lies for us in his hands. But we "know in whom we have believed, and are persuaded he is able to keep that safe which we have committed unto him against that day." By faith we deposit or lay down this great treasure in the hands of God to keep: And God by this sacrament assures us, both that he will keep it safe, and will restore it to us when we are meet for it.

4. This third use is the crown of the other two; and indeed they all aim at the same glory. The first is, to set out as new and fresh, the holy sufferings, which have purchased our title to eternal happiness: the second is, both to represent and to con-

vey to our souls, all necessary graces to qualify us for it; and the third is, to assure us, that when we are qualified for it, God will faithfully render to us the purchase. And these three make up the proper sense of those words, "take, eat; this is my body:" for the consecrated bread doth not only represent his body, and bring the virtue of it into our souls on earth; but as to our happiness in heaven, bought with that price, it is the most solemn instrument to assure our title to it.

5. Our blessed Lord, being desirous before his death, as by a deed of his last will, to settle on his disciples both such a measure of grace in this life, such a fulness of blessings as might now make them holy; and after this life, such a fulness of blessings as might make them eternally happy; he delivers into our hands by way of instrument and conveyance, the blessed Sacrament of his body and blood; in the same manner as kings use to bestow dignities, by the bestowing of a *staff* or a *sword*; and as fathers bestow estates on their children, by giving them some few *writings*.

6. The reason of all this is, the giver cannot put into his friend's hands houses and lands, because they are of an immovable nature. And, therefore, this must be supplied by some forms or tokens, by which his design may be sufficiently made known. Now Christ and his estate, his happiness and his glory, his eternity, his heaven, are not things that may be moved more easily than the mountains on the earth. And therefore, these can be no otherwise made over, than great immovable estates are. Wherefore, as the

kingdom of Israel was once made over to David, with the oil that Samuel poured upon his head; so the body and blood of Jesus is *in full value*, and heaven, with all its glory, in *sure title*, made over to true Christians, by that bread and wine which they receive in the holy Communion: the Minister of Christ having as much power from his Master for doing this, as any Prophet ever had for what he did.

7. O Lord Jesus, who hast ordained these mysteries for a communion of thy body, a means of thy grace, and a pledge of thy glory, settle me hereby in the communion of thy sufferings which they *show forth*; feed me with that living bread which they *represent*; and sanctify me in body and spirit for that eternal happiness which they *promise*!

Eternal Priest, who art gone up on high, to receive gifts for men, fill my heart, I beseech thee, with blessings out of thy holy seat, as now thou fillest my mouth with the holy things of thy church. O that in the strength of this meat, I may walk my forty days, till I come to that holy mountain, where, without the help of any bread or outward sign, I shall see my God face to face! Blessed Spirit, help me to drink so worthily of this fruit of the vine, that I may drink it new in the kingdom of my Father!

SECTION VI.

Concerning the Sacrament, as it is a Sacrifice.

And first, of the commemorative Sacrifice.

1. There never was on earth a true religion, without some kind of sacrifices. And the Heathens who

cast this slander on the Christian church, did it for no better reason than this, because they saw neither altars set up, nor beasts slain or burnt among them. Even as they accused the Jews of adoring nothing but clouds, because they had no gods of stone or silver. Whereas, in truth, as what was stone or silver could not be a god; so neither could the bare slaughter of beasts, be a real sacrifice. None of these sacrifices could ever take away sin, but in dependence on that of Jesus Christ. And no sacrifice under the law, could represent our service to God, so fully as it is done under the gospel. The holy Communion alone brings together these two great ends, atonement of sins, and acceptable duty to God, of which all the sacrifices of old, were no more than weak shadows. As for the atonement of sin, it is sure the sacrifice of Christ alone was sufficient for it: and that this great sacrifice, being both of an infinite value, to satisfy the most severe justice, and of an infinite virtue, to produce all its effects at once, need never more be repeated. This, perhaps, was the want of faith in Moses, (Num. xx. 12.) to strike a second time, and without order, that mysterious rock, which to strike once had been enough. For this second blow could only proceed from a faithless mistrust, as if the first, which alone was enjoined, could not suffice. But it were a much greater offence against the blood of Christ, to question its infinite worth. The offering of it, therefore, must needs be once only; and the repeating thereof, utterly superfluous.

2. Nevertheless, this sacrifice, which, by a *real* obligation, was not to be offered more than once, is,

by a devout and thankf'l commemoration, to be offered up every day. This is what the Apostle calls, “to set forth the death of the Lord:” to set it forth, as well before the eyes of God his Father, as before the eyes of men: and what St. Austin explained, when he said, the holy flesh of Jesus was offered in three manners: By *prefiguring sacrifices* under the law, before his coming into the world; in *real deed* upon his cross; and by a *commemorative sacrament* after he ascended into heaven. All comes to this, 1. That the sacrifice in itself, can never be repeated; 2. That, nevertheless, this sacrament, by our remembrance, becomes a kind of sacrifice, whereby we present before God the Father, that precious oblation of his Son once offered. And thus do we every day offer unto God the meritorious sufferings of our Lord, as the only sure ground whereon God may give, and we obtain, the blessings we pray for. Now there is no ordinance, or mystery, that is so blessed an instrument to reach this everlasting sacrifice, and to set it solemnly forth before the eyes of God, as the holy Communion is. *To men* it is a *sacred table*, where God's minister is ordered to represent from God, his master, the passion of his dear Son, as still fresh, and still powerful to their eternal salvation; and *to God*, it is an *altar*, whereon men mystically present to him the same sacrifice, as still bleeding and suing for mercy. And because it is the High Priest himself, the true anointed of the Lord, who hath set up both this table and the altar, for the communication of his body and blood to men, and for the representation of both to God; it cannot be doubted, but that the one is most

profitable in the penitent sinner, and the other most acceptable to his gracious Father.

3. The people of Israel in worshipping, ever turned their eyes and their hearts towards that sacrifice, the blood whereof the high priest was to carry into the sanctuary. So let us ever turn our eyes and our hearts towards Jesus our eternal High Priest, who is gone up into the sanctuary, and doth there continually present both his own body and blood before God, and (as Aaron did) all the "true Israel of God," in a *memorial*. In the mean time, we beneath, in the church, present to God his body and blood in a *memorial*, that under this shadow of his cross, and figure of his sacrifice, we may present ourselves in very deed before him.

4. O Lord, who seest nothing in me, that is truly mine, but sinful dust and ashes, look upon the sacrifice of thy dear Son, once offered for my sins. Turn thine eyes, O merciful Father, to the satisfaction and intercession of my Lord, who now sits at thy right hand; to the seals of thy covenant, which lie before thee upon this table; and to all the wants, weaknesses, and distresses, which thou seest in my heart. O Father, glorify thy Son! O Son of God, bless thou thine ordinance, and send with it the influence of that Spirit, whom thou hast promised to all flesh; that by the help of these mercies, the world, the church, and our souls, may glorify thee now and ever!

SECTION VII.

Concerning the Sacrifice of Ourselves.

1. TOO many, who are called Christians, live as if, under the Gospel, there were no sacrifice but that of Christ on the cross. And indeed there is no other that can atone for our sins, or satisfy the justice of God. Though the whole church should offer up herself as a burnt sacrifice to God, yet could she contribute no more towards bearing away the wrath to come, than those who stood near Christ when he gave up the ghost, did towards the darkening of the sun, or the shaking of the earth. But what is not necessary to this sacrifice, which alone redeemed mankind, is absolutely necessary to our having a share in that redemption. So that though the sacrifice of ourselves cannot *procure* salvation, yet it is altogether needful to our *receiving* it.

2. As Aaron never came in before the Lord, without the whole people of Israel, represented both by the twelve stones on his breast, and by the two others on his shoulders; so Jesus Christ does nothing without his church: insomuch that sometimes they are represented as only one person; seeing Christ acts and suffers for his body, in that manner which becomes the Head; and the church follows all the motions and sufferings of her Head, in such a manner as is possible to its weak members.

3. The whole divinity of St. Paul turns upon this *conformity* both of actions and sufferings; and

that of St. John likewise upon this same communion or fellowship. The truth is, our Lord had neither birth, nor death, nor resurrection on earth, but such as we are to conform to; as he hath neither ascension, nor everlasting life, nor glory in heaven, but such as we may have in common with him.

4. This conformity to Christ, which is the grand principle of the whole Christian religion, relates, first, to our duty about his sufferings; and then to our happiness about his exaltation, presupposing his sufferings. And both make up a full comment on our Lord's frequent command to his disciples, to "follow him." For without doubt we shall follow him into heaven, if we will follow him on earth; and shall have communion with him in glory, if we have conformity with him here in his sufferings.

5. These expressions, to follow, to have conformity, and to have communion, oblige us all to follow him, as much as in us lies, through all the parts of his life, and every function of his office. We must be born with him, die on his cross, be buried in his grave, suffer in his tribulations. Christ and Christians must be continually together: "Where I am," saith he, "there shall my servant be." But of all these duties the most necessary is, the bearing his cross, and dying with him in sacrifice.

6. Christ never designed to offer himself for his people, without his people; no more than the high priests of old. He presented himself to God in this great temple, the world, at the head of all mankind. He came as a voluntary victim to the altar, being attended on by his Israel, who, as it were, with

their hands laid all their sins upon his head. Therefore, as it was necessary that they who sought for atonement should wait upon the sacrifice ; so it is, that whoever seeks eternal salvation, should wait at the altar, the cross, whereon this eternal Priest and Sacrifice was pleased to offer up himself.

7. The sinners indeed under the law did not die at the altar, the victim alone being burned and destroyed. But because they laid their hands on it when it was dying, and fell on their faces to the ground, when it fell bleeding to death, they were reputed to offer up themselves as well as the victim. So Christians are not crucified in the same manner as Christ was ; yet because they cast themselves upon his cross and sufferings, as the only means of atonement for their sins and salvation for their souls, because of the grief they suffer to think of the Son of God thus dying, dying only for their sake, which is as a sword both to pierce their hearts, and to pierce and crucify their sins ; and because their whole body of sin being thus crucified, there remains no life in them, but what is offered up to God's service. On all these grounds, the Saviour thus offering himself, and the saved so united to him by faith, so partaking of his sufferings, and so given up to his will, are accounted before God one and the same sacrifice.

8. But be it observed, that in order to their being so accounted, they are to crucify their sinful members, as really as Christ himself had his sinless body crucified : so that each may say, " I am crucified to the world, and the world crucified to me." And

thus Jesus Christ and his whole church do together make up that complete sacrifice, which was foreshewn by that of old, whereof the kidnies and fat were burnt upon the altar; but the flesh, the skin, feet, and dung, (emblems of sin,) were thrown and burnt without the camp. For Christ and his church so joined in one offering, that he contributes all that can go up into heaven, to appease and please God; and we contribute nothing but sin, but what must be removed out of the way; yea, and so that it is needful farther, in order to our being accounted one sacrifice with him, that not only our persons, but all our actions likewise, be wholly devoted to God. “I am crucified with Christ.” Now “I live not,” (saith the Christian,) “but Christ liveth in me. And the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by faith in the Son of God.”

9. This act of the church, consecrating herself to God, and so joined to Christ, as to make but one oblation with him, is the mystery which was once represented by the daily sacrifice: the first and chief part whereof was the lamb, which did foreshow the Lamb of God: the second was the meat (or rather meal) and drink-offering, made of flour, mingled with oil and wine; all which being thrown on the lamb continually, was accounted one and the same sacrifice. Now, these, which were so thrown on the main sacrifice, signified properly these offerings, which Christians must present to God of themselves, their goods, and their praises. From this meal and drink-offering, came the bread and wine to be used at the Lord’s Supper. Now all we

can offer on our own account, is but such an oblation as this meal and drink-offering was, which cannot be presented alone, but only with the merits of Jesus Christ, and which cannot go to heaven but with the smoke of that great burnt sacrifice. On the one side, neither our persons nor works can be presented to God, otherwise than as these additional offerings, which of themselves fall to the ground, unless the great sacrifice sustain them. And on the other side, this great sacrifice sustains and sanctifies only those things, that are thrown into his fire, hallowed upon his altar, and, together with him, consecrated to God.

10. Now, though we are called at all times to this conformity and communion in the sufferings of Christ, yet more especially when we approach this dreadful mystery: let us take a peculiar care, that as both the principal and additional sacrifices went up toward heaven in the same flame, so Jesus Christ and all his members may jointly appear before God, that we may offer up our souls and bodies, at the same time, in the same place, and in the same oblation. Let us take care to attend on this sacrifice in such a manner, 1. As may become faithful disciples, who are resolved to die for and with their Master: 2. As true members, that cannot outlive their head: and, 3, As penitent sinners, who cannot look for any share in the glory of their Saviour, unless they really enter into the communion of that sacrifice, and those sufferings, which their Master, their Head, and their Saviour has passed through,

and which they are engaged to by this very Sacrament.

11. To this effect, the faithful worshipper, presenting that soul and body which God hath given him, at the altar may say,

“Lo, I come!” if this soul and body may be useful to any thing, “to do thy will, O God.” And if it please thee to use the power thou hast over dust and ashes, over weak flesh and blood, over a brittle vessel of clay, over the work of thine own hands; lo, here they are, to suffer also thy good pleasure! If thou please to visit me either with pain or dishonour, I will “humble myself” under it, and through thy grace, be “obedient unto death, even the death upon the cross.” Whatsoever may befall me, either from neighbours or strangers, since it is thou employest them, though they know it not, (unless thou help me to some lawful means of redressing the wrong,) I will not “open my mouth before the Lord,” who smiteth me, except only to sing the Psalm after I have eaten those bitter herbs which belong to this passover, and to “bless the Lord.” Hereafter no man can take away any thing from me, no life, no honour, no estate: since I am ready to lay them down, as soon as I perceive thou requirest them at my hands. Nevertheless, “O Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; but if not, thy will be done.” Whatever sufferings hereafter may trouble my flesh, or whatever agonies may trouble my spirit, “O Father, into thy hand will I commend” my life, and all that concerneth it. And if thou be

pleased, either that I live yet awhile or not, I will, with my Saviour, “bow down my head;” I will humble myself under thy hand; I will give up all that thou art pleased to ask, until at last, I “give up the ghost.”

12. O God and Father, bestow on me such a measure of that “Spirit, through” which thy Son “offered himself,” as may sanctify for ever, the body and soul which I now offer: a spirit of contrition, that I may loathe those sins which delivered my God to death; and a spirit of holiness, that I may never be tempted to them again, any more than a crucified man can be tempted. O let this body never be untied from his cross, to return afresh to folly and vanity! Arm and rod of the Lord, who didst revenge my sins on thy own Son, correct and destroy them also in me. O my God, accept of a heart that sheds now before thee its tears, as a poor victim does its blood; and that raises up unto thee all its desires, as a burnt-offering does its flames! And since my sacrifice can neither be holy nor accepted, being alone, receive it, O Father, clothed with the righteousness of thy Son, and made acceptable with that holy perfume which rises from off his altar: and grant that he who sanctifies, and they who are sanctified, may partake of one passion, and enjoy with thee the same glory!

SECTION VIII.

Concerning the sacrifice of our Goods.

1. IT is an express command of God by Moses, that no worshipper should appear before the Lord empty. Nor is this repealed by Christ. Sincere Christians therefore, at the receiving of the holy Communion, should, together with the actual sacrifice of themselves, bring the free-will-offering of their goods. Indeed this as naturally follows the former, as the fruits and leaves follow the tree, and as what we *have* or *can*, comes after what we *are*. Otherwise, our sacrifice were maimed, and would not suit with that of Christ, which was whole and entire. Therefore, as our bodies and souls are sacrifices attending the sacrifice of Christ, so must all our goods attend the sacrifice of our persons. In a word, whosoever we offer ourselves, we offer by the self-same act, all that we *have*, all that we *can*, and do therein engage for all, that it shall be dedicated to the glory of God, and that it shall be surrendered into his hands, and employed for such uses as he shall appoint.

2. It behoved Israel to go forth out of Egypt, with all their cattle and goods, to offer them unto the Lord, that he might take either all, or such a part, as he would be pleased to choose. And so it behoves every sinner at his conversion to God, and whenever he approaches his table, to consecrate all he has to Jesus Christ. From that very moment that we give up ourselves to Christ, who hath likewise

given himself for us, all he possesses becomes ours, namely, his grace, his immortality, his glory, (which he bestows upon us at the times he sees best for our salvation,) so all we have becomes his, and he may take it after, in what time and manner he shall see best for his glory. All things are his, as he is sovereign Lord and God. But all that we have is his by a farther title, because we have given them with our own persons, by our own act and deed. So that all which we are, which we can give, even to the least vessel in our houses, is made holy in this one consecration, according to the words of the prophet: "In that day shall be upon the very bridles of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord: and every pot in Jerusalem and Judah shall be holy unto the Lord," (Zech. xiv. 20, 21.)

3. This consecration, whereby the worshipper offers up himself, and all his concerns to God, is, first, as to our souls and bodies, an expressible blessing, raising us to the very nature, the holiness, and immortality of God. Secondly, as to the consecrated things, it is a miraculous privilege, which infinitely multiplies whatever is thus parted with. It blesses the use of it, although it be but presented, as long as we can enjoy it; and exchanges it when we can enjoy it no more; not as if water was turned into wine, or dirt into gold; but as if we can conceive a glass of water turned into streams of everlasting comforts, small cottages of clay into royal palaces, or the dust of Israel into so many stars of heaven.

4. Now, though our Lord, by that everlasting sacrifice of himself, offers himself at all times and in all places, as we likewise offer ourselves and all that is ours, to be a continual sacrifice; yet because Christ offers himself for us at the holy Communion, in a peculiar manner, we also should then, in a more special manner, renew all our sacrifices. Then and there, at the altar of God, it is right, both to repeat all the vows and promises, which for some hinderance or other we had not yet the convenience to fulfil; and to renew all those other performances, which can never be fulfilled, but with the end of our days.

5. But at the same time that the Christian believer does any good work, let him draw out of the good treasure of his heart *fire* and *frankincense*, that is, such zeal and love as may raise good, *moral* works into religious sacrifices. Whenever he helps his neighbour, let him so reverently and fervently lift up his heart to God, as may become both that Majesty he adores, and the pious act which he intends. And then whenever he does it at his door, or in the temple, it matters not; for the hour is long since come, that acts of religion are not confined either to Jerusalem, or "to this mountain." Wheresoever thou hast the occasion of doing a holy work, there God makes "holy ground" for thee: only, in order to become a spiritual worshipper, the work must be done "in spirit and in truth:" with such a mind and thought, with such faith and love, as though thou wert laying thy oblation upon the altar,

where thou knowest that Christ will both effectually find, and graciously accept it.

6. I dare appear before the Lord with all my sins and my sorrows. It is just also that I should appear with these few blessings. Having received them of thy hand, now do I offer them to thee again. Forgive, I beseech thee, my sins, deliver me from my sorrows, and accept of this my sacrifice: or rather look, in my behalf, on that only true sacrifice, whereof here is the Sacrament; the sacrifice of thy well-beloved Son, proceeding from thee, to die for me. O let him come unto me now as the “only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth!”

H Y M N S

ON THE

L O R D ' S S U P P E R .

I. As it is a Memorial of the Sufferings and Death of Christ.

HYMN 1.

6 lines 8s.

1 IN that sad memorable night,
When Jesus was for us betray'd,
He left his death-recording rite ;
He took, and bless'd, and brake the bread ;
And gave his own their last bequest,
And thus his love's intent express'd.

2 Take, eat, this is my body given,
To purchase life and peace for you ;
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven ;
Do this my dying love to shew :

Accept your precious legacy ;
And thus, my friends, remember me.

3 He took into his hands the cup,
 To crown the sacramental feast,
And full of kind concern look'd up,
 And gave what he to them had bless'd ;
And drink ye all of this, he said,
 In solemn memory of the dead.

4 This is my blood which seals the new,
 Eternal covenant of my grace ;
My blood so freely spilt for you,
 For you and all the sinful race ;
My blood that speaks your sins forgiven,
 And justifies your claim to heaven.

5 The grace which I to all bequeath,
 In this divine memorial take ;
And, mindful of your Saviour's death,
 Do this, my followers, for my sake ;
Whose dying love hath left behind,
 Eternal life for all mankind.

HYMN 2.

8s & 6s.

1 In this expressive bread I see
 The wheat by man cut down for me,
 And beat, and bruise'd, and ground :
The heavy plagues, and pains, and blows,
 Which Jesus suffer'd from his foes,
 Are in this emblem found.

2 The bread, dried up and burnt with fire,
 Presents the Father's vengeful ire,
 Which my Redeemer bore :
Into his bones the fire he sent,
 Till all the flaming darts were spent,
 And justice asked no more.

3 Why hast thou, Lord, forsook thine own?
Alas, what evil hath he done,

The spotless Lamb of God?
Cut off, not for himself, but me,
He bears my sins on yonder tree,
And pays my debt in blood.

4 Seiz'd by the rage of sinful man,
I see him bound, and bruis'd, and slain:
'Tis done, the martyr dies!
His life to ransom ours is given,
And lo! the fiercest fire of heaven
Consumes the sacrifice.

5 He suffers both from man and God;
He bears the universal load
Of guilt and misery:
He suffers to reverse our doom:
And lo! my Lord is here become
The bread of life to me!

HYMN 3.

8s & 6s.

1 THEN let us go, and take, and eat
The heavenly, everlasting meat,
For fainting souls prepar'd:
Fed with the living bread divine,
Discern we in the sacred sign,
The body of the Lord.

2 The instruments that bruis'd him so,
Were broke and scatter'd long ago,
The flames extinguish'd were;
But Jesu's death is ever new:
He whom in ages past they slew,
Doth still as slain appear.

3 The' oblation sends as sweet a smell,
Ev'n now it pleases God as well,
 As when it first was made :
The blood doth now as freely flow,
As when his side receiv'd the blow,
 That show'd him newly dead.

4 Then let our faith adore the Lamb,
To-day as yesterday the same,
 In thy great offering join ;
Partake the sacrificial food,
And eat thy flesh, and drink thy blood,
 And live for ever thine.

HYMN 4.

S. M. D.

1 LET all who truly bear
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
 And eat the paschal Lamb.
Our passover was slain
 At Salem's hallow'd place ;
Yet we who in our tents remain,
 Shall gain his largest grace.

2 This eucharistic feast,
Our every want supplies ;
And still we by his death are bless'd,
 And share his sacrifice.
By faith his flesh we eat,
 Who here his passion show,
And God, out of his holy seat,
 Shall all his gifts bestow.

3 Who thus our faith employ,
His sufferings to record,
Ev'n now we mournfully enjoy
 Communion with our Lord.

As though we every one
Beneath his cross had stood,
And seen him heave, and heard him groan,
And felt his gushing blood.

4 O God ! 'tis finished now !
The mortal pang is past !
By faith his head we see him bow,
And hear him breathe his last :
We too with him are dead,
And shall with him arise ;
The cross on which he bows his head,
Shall lift us to the skies.

HYMN 5.

6 *lines 8s.*

1 O THOU eternal Victim, slain
A sacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made
An off'ring in the sinner's stead :
Our everlasting Priest art thou,
And plead'st thy death for sinners now.

2 Thy offering still continues new ;
Thy vesture keeps its bloody hue ;
Thou stand'st the ever-slaughter'd Lamb ;
Thy priesthood still remains the same ;
Thy years, O God, can never fail,
Thy goodness is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move,
But stand unshaken as thy love :
Sure evidence of things unseen,
Now let it pass the years between,
And view Thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, who dies for me, for me !

HYMN 6.

6 lines 8s.

1 Ah give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
 My sins which have thy body torn ;
 Give me with broken heart to see
 Thy last tremendous agony ;
 To weep o'er an expiring God,
 And mix my sorrow with thy blood.

2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
 And look upon that piteous sight !
 O that with Salem's daughters I,
 Might stand and see my Saviour die ;
 Smite on my breast and inly mourn,
 But never from thy cross return !

HYMN 7.

C. M.

1 Come, Holy Ghost, set to thy seal,
 Thine inward witness give ;
 To all our waiting souls reveal
 The death by which we live.

2 Spectators of the pangs divine,
 O that we now may be ;
 Discerning in the sacred sign,
 His passion on the tree.

3 Give us to hear the dreadful sound,
 Which told his mortal pain,
 Tore up the graves, and shook the ground,
 And rent the rocks in twain.

4 Repeat the Saviour's dying cry
 In every heart, so loud,
 That every heart may now reply,
 This was the Son of God !

HYMN 8.

2-6s & 4-7s.

1 COME to the supper, come,
Sinners, there still is room :
Every soul may be his guest ;
Jesus gives the gen'ral word ;
Share the monumental feast,
Eat the supper of your Lord.

2 In this authentic sign,
Behold the stamp divine :
Christ revives his sufferings here,
Still exposes them to view ;
See the Crucified appear,
Now believe he died for you !

HYMN 9.

6 lines 8s.

1 COME hither all whose grov'ling taste,
Enslaves your souls, and lays them waste ;
Save your expense, and mend your cheer ;
Here God himself, prepar'd and dress'd,
Himself vouchsafes to be your feast,
In whom alone all dainties are.

2 Come hither all, whom tempting wine
Bows to your father Belial's shrine ;
Sin all your boast, and sense your God ;
Weep now for what ye've drank amiss,
And lose your taste of sensual bliss,
By drinking here your Saviour's blood.

3 Come hither all, whom searching pain,
And conscience's loud cries arraign,

Producing all your sins to view :
 Taste, and dismiss your guilty fear ;
 O taste, and see that God is here,
 To heal your souls, and sin subdue.

4 Come hither all, whom careless joy
 Doth with alluring force destroy,
 While loose ye range beyond your bounds :
 True love is here, that passes quite,
 And all your transient, mean delight
 Drowns, as a flood the lower grounds.

5 Come hither all, whose idol love,
 While fond the pleasing pain ye prove,
 Raises your foolish raptures high :
 True love is here, whose dying breath
 Gave life to us ; who tasted death,
 And dying once, no more can die.

6 Lord, I have now invited all,
 And instant still the guests shall call,
 Still shall I all invite to Thee :
 For, O my God, it seems but right,
 In mine, thy meanest servant's sight,
 That where all is, there all shall be.

HYMN 10.

8s & 6s.

1 FATHER, thy own in Christ receive,
 Who deeply for our follies grieve,
 And cast our sins away ;
 Resolv'd to lead our lives anew,
 Thine only glory to pursue,
 And only Thee I obey.

2 Faith in thy pardoning love we have,
 Willing Thou art our souls to save,

For Jesu's sake alone ;
Jesus, thy wrath hath pacified,
Jesus, thy well-belov'd, hath died,
For all mankind to atone.

3 The death sustain'd for all mankind,
With humblest thanks we call to mind,
With grateful joy approve ;
And every soul of man embrace,
And love the dearly ransom'd race,
In the Redeemer's love.

4 Receive us then, thou pardoning God,
Partakers of his flesh and blood,
Grant that we now may be :
The Spirit's attesting seal impart,
And speak to every sinner's heart,
The Saviour died for thee !

HYMN 11.

4-6s & 2-8s.

1 O God, that answerest prayer,
Attend thy people's cry,
Who to thy house repair,
And on thy death rely ;
Thy death, which now we call to mind,
And trust our legacies to find.

2 Thou meetest them that joy
In these thy ways to go,
And to thy praise employ
Their happy lives below ;
And still within thy temple gate,
For all thy promis'd mercies wait.

3 We wait to obtain them now ;
We seek the Crucified ;
And at thy altar bow,
And long to feel applied

The blood for our redemption given,
And eat the bread that came from heaven.

4 Come, then, our dying Lord,
 To us thy goodness show ;
 In honour of thy word,
 The inward grace bestow ;
And magnify the sacred sign,
And prove the ordinance divine.

HYMN 12.

7s.

1 JESU, suffering Deity,
 Can we help remembering Thee ;
 Thee, whose blood for us did flow,
 Thee, who diedst to save thy foe !

2 Thee, Redeemer of mankind,
 Gladly now we call to mind ;
 Thankfully thy grace approve,
 Take the tokens of thy love.

3 This for thy dear sake we do,
 Here thy bloody passion show,
 Till thou dost to judgment come ;
 Till thy arms receive us home.

4 Then we walk in means no more ;
 There their sacred use is o'er ;
 There we see thee face to face,
 Sav'd eternally by grace.

HYMN 13.

S. M. D.

1 COME, all who truly bear
 The name of Christ your Lord,
His last mysterious supper share,
 And keep his kindest word.

Hereby your faith approve
In Jesus crucified :
In memory of my dying love,
" Do this," he said, and died.

2 The badge and token this,
The sure confirming seal,
That he is ours, and we are his,
The servants of his will ;
His dear peculiar ones,
The purchase of his blood ;
His blood which once for all atones,
And brings us *now* to God.

3 Then let us still profess
Our Master's honoured name ;
Stand forth his faithful witnesses,
True followers of the Lamb :
In proof that such we are,
His saying we receive ;
And thus to all mankind declare,
We *do* in Christ believe.

4 Part of his church below,
We thus our right maintain ;
Our living membership we show,
And in the fold remain ;
The sheep of Israel's fold,
In England's pastures fed ;
And fellowship with all we hold,
Who hold it with our Head.

HYMN 14. 8s & 7s.

1 FATHER, hear the blood of Jesus,
Speaking in thine ears above !
From thy wrath and curse release us,
Manifest thy pardoning love :

O receive us to thy favour,
 For his only sake receive ;
 Give us to our bleeding Saviour,
 Let us by thy dying live.

2 “To thy pardoning grace receive them,”
 Once he pray’d upon the tree ;
 Still his blood cries out, “Forgive them,
 All their sins were purg’d by me.”
 Still our Advocate in heaven,
 Prays the prayer on earth begun,
 “Father, show their sins forgiven,
 Father, glorify thy Son !”

HYMN 15. 8s & 7s.

1 DYING friend of sinners, hear us,
 Humbly at thy cross who lie ;
 In thine ordinance be near us,
 Now the’ ungodly justify :
 Let thy bowels of compassion,
 To thy ransom’d creatures move ;
 Show us all thy great salvation,
 God of truth, and God of love.

2 By thy meritorious dying,
 Save us from this death of sin ;
 By thy precious blood’s applying,
 Make our inmost nature clean :
 Give us worthily to’ adore Thee ;
 Thou our full Redeemer be ;
 Give us pardon, grace, and glory,
 Peace, and power, and heaven in Thee.

HYMN 16. 8s.

- 1 COME, thou everlasting Spirit,
 Bring to every thankful mind
 All the Saviour's dying merit,
 All his sufferings for mankind !
 True Recorder of his passion,
 Now the living faith impart ;
 Now reveal his great salvation ;
 Preach his Gospel to our heart.

- 2 Come, thou Witness of his dying,
 Come, Remembrancer divine !
 Let us feel thy power applying
 Christ to every soul, and mine :
 Let us groan thine inward groaning ;
 Look on him we pierc'd and grieve ;
 All receive the grace atoning,
 All the sprinkl'd blood receive.

HYMN 17. 7s.

- 1 WHO is this that comes from far,
 Clad in garments dipp'd in blood !
 Strong, triumphant traveller,
 Is he man, or is he God ?

- 2 I, that speak in righteousness,
 Son of God and man I am ;
 Mighty to redeem your race ;
 Jesus is your Saviour's name.

- 3 Wherefore are thy garments red,
 Dy'd as in a crimson sea ?
 They that in the wine-fat tread,
 Are not stain'd so much as Thee.

4 I, the Father's favourite Son,
 Have the dreadful wine-press trod ;
 Borne the vengeful wrath alone,
 All the fiercest wrath of God.

HYMN 18.**7s.**

1 LIFT your eyes of faith, and look
 On the signs he did ordain !
 Thus the bread of life was broke ;
 Thus the Lamb of God was slain ;
 Thus was shed on Calvary,
 His last drop of blood for me !

2 See the slaughter'd sacrifice ;
 See the altar stain'd with blood !
 Crucified before our eyes,
 Faith discerns the dying God ;
 Dying that our souls might live,
 Gasping at his death, Forgive !

HYMN 19.**8s, 7s & 6s.**

1 FORGIVE, the Saviour cries,
 They know not what they do :
 Forgive, my heart replies,
 And all my soul renew :
 I claim the kingdom in thy right,
 Who now thy sufferings share,
 And mount with thee to Sion's height,
 And see thy glory there.

HYMN 20.

8 lines, 7s & 6s.

- 1 LAMB of God, whose bleeding love
We thus recall to mind,
Send the answer from above,
And let us mercy find :
Think on us, who think on Thee,
And every struggling soul release ;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.
- 2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody sweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our sins away :
Burst our bonds, and set us free ;
From all iniquity release :
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.
- 3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
The sinner's pardon seal ;
Speak us freely justified,
And all our sickness heal ;
By thy passion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles cease ;
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.
- 4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveness on our heart,
And all thine image give !
Still our souls shall cry to Thee,
Till perfected in holiness,
O remember Calvary,
And bid us go in peace.

HYMN 21.

6s & 7s.

1 GOD of unexampled grace,
 Redeemer of mankind,
 Matter of eternal praise,
 We in thy passion find :
 Still our choicest strains we bring ;
 Still the joyful theme pursue ;
 Thee the Friend of sinners sing,
 Whose love is ever new.

2 Endless scenes of wonder rise,
 With that mysterious tree ;
 Crucified before our eyes,
 Where we our Maker see :
 Jesus, Lord, what hast Thou done ?
 Publish we the death divine ;
 Stop and gaze, and fall, and own
 Was never love like thine !

3 Never love nor sorrow was
 Like that my Jesus show'd ;
 See him stretch'd on yonder cross,
 And crush'd beneath our load !
 Now discern the Deity,
 Now his heavenly birth declare !
 Faith cries out, 'Tis he, 'Tis he,
 My God that suffers there !

4 Jesus drinks the bitter cup,
 The wine-press treads alone ;
 Tears the graves and mountains up
 By his expiring groan :
 Lo ! the powers of heaven he shakes ;
 Nature in convulsions lies ;
 Earth's profoundest centre quakes ;
 The great Jehovah dies !

5 Dies the glorious Cause of all !
The true eternal Pan
Falls, to raise us from our fall,
To ransom sinful man !
Well may Sol withdraw his light,
With the sufferer sympathize,
Leave the world in sudden night,
While his Creator dies !

6 Well may heaven be cloth'd with black,
And solemn sackcloth wear,
Jesu's agony partake,
The hour of darkness share :
Mourn the' astonish'd hosts above ;
Silence saddens all the skies ;
Kindler of seraphic love,
The God of angels dies !

7 O my God ! he dies for me,
I feel the mortal smart !
See him hanging on the tree,—
A sight that breaks my heart !
O that all to Thee might turn !
Sinners, ye may love him too ;
Look on him ye pierc'd, and mourn
For one who bled for you !

8 Weep o'er your desire and hope,
With tears of humblest love :
Sing, for Jesus is gone up,
And reigns enthron'd above !
Lives our Head to die no more ;
Power is all to Jesus given ;
Worshipp'd as he was before,
The' immortal King of heaven.

9 Lord, we bless Thee for thy grace
And truth, which never fail :
Hast'ning to behold thy face,
Without a dimming veil :

We shall see our heavenly King,
 All thy glorious love proclaim ;
 Help the angel-choirs to sing,
 Our dear triumphant Lamb.

HYMN 22.

6 lines 7s.

1 PRINCE of Life, for sinners slain,
 Grant us fellowship with Thee ;
 Fain we would partake thy pain,
 Share thy mortal agony :
 Give us now the dreadful power ;
 Now bring back thy dying hour.

2 Place us near the' accursed wood,
 Where Thou didst thy life resign ;
 Near as once thy mother stood ;
 Partner of the pangs divine :
 Bid us feel her sacred smart,
 Feel the sword that pierc'd her heart.

3 Surely now the prayer he hears ;
 Faith presents the crucified !
 Lo ! the wounded Lamb appears,
 Pierc'd his feet, his hands, his side :
 Hangs our hope on yonder tree,
 Hangs, and bleeds to death for me !

HYMN 23.

6 lines 7s.

1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
 Break, by Jesu's cross subdued ;
 See his body mangled, rent,
 Cover'd with a gore of blood !
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done ?
 Murder'd God's eternal Son !

2 Yes, our sins have done the deed ;
Drove the nails that fix him here ;
Crown'd with thorns his sacred head ;
Pierc'd him with the soldier's spear ;
Made his soul a sacrifice :
For a sinful world he dies.

3 Shall we let him die in vain ?
Still to death pursue our God ?
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood ?
No ; with all our sins we part ;
Saviour, take my broken heart !

HYMN 24. *6 lines 8s.*

1 EXPIRING in the sinner's place,
Crush'd with the universal load,
He hangs !—adown his mournful face,
See trickling fast the tears and blood !
The blood that purges all our stains,
It starts in rivers from his veins.

2 A fountain gushes from his side,
Open'd that all may enter in ;
That all may feel the death applied,
The death of God, the death of sin ;
The death by which our foes are kill'd,
The death by which our souls are heal'd.

HYMN 25. *6 lines 8s.*

1 IN an accepted time of love,
To Thee, O Jesus, we draw near :
Wilt Thou not now the veil remove,
And meet thy mournful followers here,

Who humbly at thy altar lie,
And wait to find Thee passing by?

2 Thou bidd'st us call thy death to mind ;
 But Thou must give the solemn power :
Come then, thou Saviour of mankind,
 And bring that last tremendous hour ;
And stand in all thy wounds confess'd,
 And wrap us in thy bloody vest.

3 With reverential faith we claim
 Our share in thy great sacrifice :
Come, O thou all-atoning Lamb,
 Revive us by thy dying cries ;
Apply to all thy healing blood,
 And sprinkle *me, my Lord, my God !*

HYMN 26.

6 lines 8s.

1 'Tis done ! the' atoning work is done ;
 Jesus the world's Redeemer dies ;
All nature feels the' important groan,
 Loud echoing through the earth and skies.
The earth doth to her centre quake,
 And heaven as hell's deep gloom is black !

2 The temple's veil is rent in twain,
 While Jesus meekly bows his head ;
The rocks resent his mortal pain ;
 The yawning graves give up their dead ;
The bodies of the saints arise,
 Reviving as their Saviour dies.

3 And shall not we his death partake,
 In sympathetic anguish groan ?
O Saviour, let thy passion shake
 Our earth, and rend our hearts of stone !
To second life our souls restore,
 And wake us that we sleep no more.

HYMN 27.

6s & 7s.

1 Rock of Israel, cleft for me,
For us, for all mankind,
See, thy feeblest followers see,
Who call thy death to mind :
Sion is the very land ;
Us beneath thy shade receive ;
Grant us in the cleft to stand,
And by thy dying live.

2 In this howling wilderness,
On Calvary's steep top,
Made a curse our souls to bless,
Thou once wast lifted up :
Stricken there by Moses' rod,
Wounded with a deadly blow,
Gushing streams of life o'erflow'd
The thirsty world below.

3 Rivers of salvation still
Along the desert roll ;
Rivers, to refresh and heal
The fainting, sinking soul :
Still the fountain of thy blood,
Stands for sinners open'd wide ;
Now, e'en now, my Lord and God,
I wash me in thy side.

4 Now, e'en now, we all plunge in,
And drink the purple wave ;
This, the antidote of sin,
'Tis this our souls shall save :
With the life of Jesus fed,
Lo ! from strength to strength we rise,
Follow'd by our Rock, and led
To meet him in the skies !

II. As it is a Sign and a Means of Grace.

HYMN 28.

L. M.

1 AUTHOR of our salvation, Thee
 With lowly thankful hearts we praise ;
 Author of this great mystery,
 Figure and means of saving grace.

2 The sacred, true, effectual sign,
 Thy body and thy blood it shows ;
 The glorious instrument divine,
 Thy mercy and thy strength bestows.

3 We see the blood that seals our peace,
 Thy pard'ning mercy we receive :
 The bread doth visibly express
 The strength through which our spirits live.

4 Our spirits drink a fresh supply,
 And eat the bread so freely given ;
 Till borne on eagles' wings we fly,
 And banquet with our Lord in heaven.

HYMN 29.

C. M.

1 O THOU, who this mysterious bread
 Didst in Emmaus break,
 Return herewith our souls to feed,
 And to thy followers speak.

2 Unseal the volume of thy grace ;
 Apply the Gospel word ;
Open our eyes to see thy face ;
 Our hearts to know the Lord.

3 Of Thee we commune still, and mourn
 Till thou the veil remove :
Talk with us, and our hearts shall burn,
 With flames of fervent love.

4 Enkindle now the heavenly zeal,
 And make thy mercy known ;
And give our pardoned souls to feel,
 That God and love are one.

HYMN 30.

C. M.

1 JESU, at whose supreme command,
 We thus approach to God,
Before us in thy vesture stand,
 Thy vesture dipp'd in blood.

2 Obedient to thy gracious word,
 We break the hallow'd bread ;
Commemorate Thee, our dying Lord,
 And trust on Thee to feed.

3 Now, Saviour, now Thyself reveal,
 And make thy nature known ;
Affix the Sacramental seal,
 And stamp us for thine own.

4 The tokens of thy dying love
 O let us all receive,
And feel the quick'ning Spirit move,
 And *sensibly* believe.

5 The cup of blessing, bless'd by Thee,
 Let it thy blood impart ;
 The bread thy mystic body be,
 And cheer each languid heart.

6 The grace which sure salvation brings,
 Let us herewith receive ;
 Satiate the hungry with good things,
 The hidden manna give.

7 The living bread sent down from heaven,
 In us vouchsafe to be ;
 Thy flesh for all the world is given,
 And all may live by Thee.

8 Now, Lord, on us thy flesh bestow,
 And let us drink thy blood ;
 Till all our souls are fill'd below,
 With all the life of God.

HYMN 31.

6 lines 8s.

1 O Rock of our salvation, see
 The souls that seek their rest in Thee ;
 Beneath thy cooling shadow hide,
 And keep us, Saviour, in thy side :
 By water and by blood redeem,
 And wash us in the mingled stream.

2 The sin-atoning blood apply,
 And let the water sanctify ;
 Pardon and holiness impart,
 Sprinkle and purify our heart ;
 Wash out the last remains of sin,
 And make our inmost nature clean.

3 The double stream in pardons rolls,
 And brings thy love into our souls ;

Who dare the truth divine receive,
And credence to thy witness give,
We here thy utmost power shall prove.
Thy utmost power of perfect love.

HYMN 32.

6 lines 8s.

- 1 JESU, to thee for help we call,
Plung'd in the depth of Adam's fall,
Plagu'd with a carnal heart and mind ;
No distance or of time or place,
Secures us from the foul disgrace,
By him entail'd on all mankind.
- 2 Six thousand years are now pass'd by,
Yet still like him we sin and die,
As born within his house we were ;
As each were that accursed Cain,
We feel the all-polluting stain,
And groan our inbred sin to bear.
- 3 Thou God of sanctifying love,
Adam descended from above,
The virtue of thy blood impart ;
O let it reach to all below,
As far extend, as freely flow,
To cleanse, as his to infect, our heart !
- 4 Ruin in him complete we have ;
And canst Thou not as greatly save,
And fully here our loss repair ?
Thou canst, Thou wilt, we dare believe,
We here thy nature shall retrieve,
And all thy heavenly image bear.

HYMN 33.

7s.

- 1 JESU, dear redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word ;

In thine ordinance appear,
Come, and meet thy followers here.

- 2 In the rite Thou hast enjoin'd,
Let us now our Saviour find ;
Drink Thy blood for sinners shed,
Taste Thee in the broken bread.
- 3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare,
Thou thy pardoning grace declare ;
Thou that hast for sinners died,
Show Thyself the crucified !
- 4 All the power of sin remove,
Fill us with thy perfect love ;
Stamp us with the stamp divine,
Seal our souls for ever thine.

HYMN 34.

7s.

- 1 LORD of life, thy followers see,
Hungering, thirsting after Thee ;
At thy sacred table feed,
Nourish us with living bread.
- 2 Cheer us with immortal wine,
Heavenly sustenance divine ;
Grant us now a fresh supply,
Now relieve us, or we die.

HYMN 35.

7s.

- 1 O THOU paschal Lamb of God,
Feed us with thy flesh and blood ;
Life and strength thy death supplies,
Feast us on thy sacrifice.

2 Quicken our dead souls again,
Then our living souls sustain,
Then in us thy life keep up,
Then confirm our faith and hope.

3 Still, O Lord, our strength repair,
Till renew'd in love we are ;
Till thy utmost grace we prove,
All thy life of perfect love.

HYMN 36.

L. M.

1 AMAZING mystery of love !
While posting to eternal pain,
God saw his rebels from above,
And stoop'd into a mortal man.

2 His mercy cast a pitying look,
By love, mère causeless love inclin'd ;
Our guilt and punishment he took,
And died a victim for mankind.

3 His blood procur'd our life and peace,
And quench'd the wrath of hostile heaven ;
Justice gave way to our release,
And God hath all my sins forgiven.

4 Jesu, our pardon we receive,
The purchase of that blood of thine,
And now begin by grace to live,
And breathe the breath of love divine.

HYMN 37.

L. M.

1 BUT soon the tender life will die,
Though bought by the atoning blood,
Unless Thou grant a fresh supply,
And wash us in the watery flood.

2 The blood remov'd our guilt in vain,
 If sin in us must always stay ;
 But Thou shalt purge our inbred stain,
 And wash its relics all away.

3 The stream that from thy wounded side,
 In blended blood and water flow'd,
 Shall cleanse whom first it justified,
 And fill us with the life of God.

4 Proceeds from Thee the double grace ;
 Two effluxes of life divine,
 To quicken all the faithful race,
 In one eternal current join.

5 Saviour, Thou didst not come from heaven,
 By water or by blood alone ;
 Thou diedst that we might live forgiven,
 And all be sanctified in one.

HYMN 38.

L. M.

1 WORTHY the Lamb of endless praise,
 Whose double life we here shall prove,
 The pard'ning and the hallowing grace,
 The childlike and the perfect love.

2 We here shall gain our calling's prize,
 The gift unspeakable receive ;
 And higher still in death arise,
 And all the life of glory live.

3 To make our right and title sure,
 Our dying Lord himself hath given ;
 His sacrifice did all procure
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

4 Our life of grace we here shall feel,
Shed in our loving hearts abroad,
Till Christ our glorious life reveal,
Long hidden with himself in God.

5 Come, dear Redeemer of mankind,
We long thy open face to see ;
Appear, and all who seek shall find
Their bliss consummated in Thee.

6 Thy presence shall the cloud dispart ;
Thy presence shall the life display ;
Then, then our all in all Thou art,
Our fulness of eternal day !

HYMN 39.

6s & 7s.

1 SINNER, with awe draw near,
And find thy Saviour here,
In his ordinances still ;
Touch his sacramental clothes,
Present in his power to heal,
Virtue from his body flows.

2 His body is the seat,
Where all our blessings meet ;
Full of unexhausted worth,
Still it makes the sinner whole,
Pours divine effusions forth,
Life to every dying soul.

3 Pardon, and power, and peace,
And perfect righteousness,
From that sacred fountain springs ;
Wash'd in his all-cleansing blood,
Rise, ye worms, to priests and kings ;
Rise in Christ, and reign with God.

HYMN 40.**4-6s & 2-8s.**

1 AUTHOR of life divine,
 Who hast a table spread,
 Furnish'd with mystic wine,
 And everlasting bread ;
 Preserve the life Thyself hast given,
 And feed, and train us up for heaven.

2 Our needy souls sustain
 With fresh supplies of love,
 Till all thy life we gain,
 And all thy fulness prove ;
 And strengthen'd by thy perfect grace,
 Behold, without a veil, thy face.

HYMN 41.**6 lines 8s.**

1 TRUTH of the paschal sacrifice,
 Jesu, regard thy people's cries,
 Nor let us in our sins remain :
 Surely Thou hear'st the prisoners groan ;
 Come down to our relief, come down,
 And break the dire accuser's chain.

2 Humble the proud oppressive king ;
 Deliverance to thine Israel bring :
 And while the unsprinkl'd victims die,
 Thy death for us present to God :
 Write our protection in thy blood,
 And bid the hellish fiend pass by.

HYMN 42.

C. M.

- 1 GLORY to Him, who freely spent
His blood that we might live ;
And through this choicest instrument
Doth all his blessings give.
- 2 Fasting he doth, and hearing bless,
And prayer can much avail ;
Good vessels all to draw the grace
Out of salvation's well.
- 3 But none like this mysterious rite,
Which dying Mercy gave,
Can draw forth all his promis'd might,
And all his will to save.
- 4 This is the richest legacy
Thou hast on man bestow'd ;
Here chiefly, Lord, we feed on Thee,
And drink thy precious blood.
- 5 Here all thy blessings we receive ;
Here all thy gifts are given ;
To those that would in Thee believe,
Pardon, and grace, and heaven.
- 6 Thus may we still in Thee be bless'd,
Till all from earth remove,
And share with Thee the marriage-feast,
And drink the wine above.

HYMN 43.

6s & 7s.

1 SAVIOUR, and can it be
 That Thou should'st dwell with me ?
 From thy high and lofty throne,
 Throne of everlasting bliss,
 Will thy Majesty stoop down
 To so mean a house as this ?

2 I am not worthy, Lord,
 So foul, so self-abhor'd,
 Thee, my God, to entertain
 In this poor polluted heart ;
 I am frail, a sinful man,
 All my nature cries, Depart !

3 Yet come, thou heavenly Guest,
 And purify my breast :
 Come, thou great and glorious King,
 While before thy cross I bow ;
 With Thyself salvation bring,
 Cleanse the house by entering now.

HYMN 44.

6 lines 8s.

1 OUR Passover for us is slain ;
 The tokens of his death remain
 On these authentic signs impress'd :
 By Jesus out of Egypt led,
 Still on the paschal Lamb we feed,
 And keep the sacramental feast.

2 That arm, which smote the parting sea,
 Is still stretch'd out for us, for me ;

The Angel-God is still our guide :
And lest we in the desert faint,
We find our spirit's every want
By constant miracle supplied.

3 Thy flesh for our support is given ;
Thou art the bread sent down from heaven,
That all mankind by Thee might live :
O that we evermore may prove
The manna of thy quick'ning love,
And all thy life of grace receive !

4 Nourish us to that awful day,
When types and veils shall pass away,
And perfect grace in glory end :
Us for the marriage-feast prepare ;
Unfurl thy banner in the air ;
And bid thy saints to heaven ascend.

HYMN 45.

6 lines 8s.

1 **TREMENDOUS** love to lost mankind !
Could none but Christ the ransom find ?
Could none but Christ the pardon buy ?
How great the sin of Adam's race !
How greater still the Saviour's grace,
When God doth for his creature die !

2 Not heaven so rich a grace can show,
As this He did on worms bestow,
Those darlings of the incarnate God :
Less favour'd were the angel powers ;
Their crowns are cheaper far than ours,
Nor ever cost the Lamb his blood.

3 Our souls eternally to save,
More than ten thousand worlds he gave ;

That we might know our sins forgiven,
 That we might in thy glory shine,
 The purchase-price was blood divine,
 And bought the aceldama of heaven.

4 Jesu, we bless thy saving name;
 And, trusting in thy merits, claim
 Our rich inheritance above:
 Thou shalt thy ransom'd servants own,
 And raise and seat us on thy throne,
 Dear objects of thy dying love.

HYMN 46.

L. M.

1 How richly is the table stor'd
 Of Jesus, our redeeming Lord !
 Melchisedec and Aaron join,
 To furnish out the feast divine.

2 Aaron for us the blood hath shed ;
 Melchisedec bestows the bread ;
 To nourish, this, and that to atone ;
 And both the priests, in Christ, are one.

3 Jesus appears to sacrifice
 The flesh and blood Himself supplies :
 Enter'd the veil, his death he pleads,
 And blesses all our souls, and feeds.

4 'Tis here he meets the faithful line ;
 Sustains us with his bread and wine !
 We feel the double grace is given,
 And gladly urge our way to heaven.

HYMN 47.

8s & 6s.

1 JESUS, thy weakest servants bless :
Give what these hallow'd signs express,
 And what Thou giv'st, secure ;
Pardon into my soul convey,
Strength in thy pard'ning love to stay,
 And to the end endure.

2 Raise, and enable me to stand ;
Save out of the destroyer's hand,
 This helpless soul of mine ;
Vouchsafe me then thy strength'ning grace,
And with the arms of love embrace,
 And keep me ever thine.

HYMN 48.

6 lines 7s.

1 SAVIOUR of my soul from sin,
 Thou my kind preserver be ;
'Stablish what Thou dost begin,
 Carry on thy work in me :
All thy faithful mercies show,
 Hold and never let me go.

2 Never let me lose my peace,
 Forfeit what thy goodness gave ;
Give it still, and still increase,
 Save me, and persist to save :
Seal the grant conferr'd before,
 Give thy blessing evermore.

HYMN 49.

7s.

- 1 SON of God, thy blessing grant,
Still supply my every want ;
Tree of life, thine influence shed,
With thy sap my spirit feed.
- 2 Tenderest branch, alas, am I,
Wither without Thee and die ;
Weak as helpless infancy,
O confirm my soul in Thee.
- 3 Unsustain'd by Thee I fall ;
Send the strength for which I call :
Weaker than a bruised reed,
Help I every moment need.
- 4 All my hopes on Thee depend,
Love me, save me to the end ;
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlasting praise.

HYMN 50.

6 lines 8s.

- 1 FATHER of everlasting love,
Whose bowels of compassion move,
To all thy gracious hands have made ;
See, in the howling desert see,
A soul from Egypt brought by Thee,
And help me with thy constant aid.
- 2 Ah, do not, Lord, thine own forsake ;
Nor let my feeble soul look back,
Or basely turn to sin again :
No, never let me faint or tire,
But travel on in strong desire,
Till I my heavenly Canaan gain.

HYMN 51.

S. M.

- 1 THOU very paschal Lamb,
Whose blood for us was shed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came,
Thy ransom'd people lead.
- 2 Angel of gospel-grace,
Fulfil thy character ;
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Israel's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert-way,
Conduct us by thy light ;
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting souls sustain,
With blessings from above ;
And ever on thy people rain
The manna of thy love.

HYMN 52.

6 lines 8s.

- 1 O THOU who, hanging on the cross,
Didst buy our pardon with thy blood,
Canst Thou not still maintain our cause,
And fill us with the life of God ;
Bless with the blessings of thy throne ;
And perfect all our souls in one ?
- 2 Lo, on thy bloody sacrifice,
For all our graces we depend !
Supported by thy cross arise,
To finish'd holiness ascend ;
And gain on earth the mountain's height,
And then salute our friends in light.

D

HYMN 53.

6s & 7s.

1 O GOD of truth and love,
 Let us thy mercy prove :
 Bless thine ordinance divine ;
 Let it now effectual be ;
 Answer all its great design,
 All its gracious ends in me.

2 O might the sacred word
 Set forth our dying Lord ;
 Point us to thy sufferings past,
 Present grace and strength impart,
 Give our ravish'd souls a taste,
 Pledge of glory in our heart.

3 Come in thy Spirit down,
 Thine institution crown ;
 Lamb of God, as slain appear ;
 Life of all believers Thou ;
 Let us now perceive thee near ;
 Come thou hope of glory, now.

HYMN 54.

6 lines 8s.

1 WHY did my dying Lord ordain
 This dear memorial of his love ?
 Might we not all by faith obtain,
 By faith the mountain-sin remove ;
 Enjoy the sense of sins forgiven ;
 And holiness, the taste of heaven ?

2 It seem'd to my Redeemer good,
 That faith should here his coming wait ;
 Should here receive immortal food,
 Grow up in him divinely great ;

And fill'd with holy violence, seize
The glorious crown of righteousness.

3 Saviour, Thou didst the mystery give,
That I thy nature might partake ;
Thou bidd'st me outward signs receive,
One with thyself my soul to make :
My body, soul, and spirit to join
Inseparably one with thine.

4 The prayer, the fast, the word conveys,
When mix'd with faith, thy life to me ;
In all the channels of thy grace,
I still have fellowship with Thee ;
But chiefly here my soul is fed,
With fulness of immortal bread.

5 Communion closer far I feel,
And deeper drink the' atoning blood ;
The joy is more unspeakable,
And yields me larger draughts of God ;
Till nature faints beneath the power,
And faith fill'd up, can hold no more.

HYMN 55.

C. M.

1 'TIS not a dead, external sign,
Which here my hopes require ;
The living power of love divine,
In Jesus I desire.

2 I want the dear Redeemer's grace ;
I seek the Crucified ;
The man that suffer'd in my place,
The God that groan'd and died.

3 Swift, as their rising Lord to find,
 The two disciples ran ;
 I seek the Saviour of mankind,
 Nor shall I seek in vain.

4 Come, all who long His face to see,
 That did our burthen bear,
 Hasten to Calvary with me,
 And we shall find him there.

HYMN 56.

8s & 6s.

1 How dreadful is the mystery,
 Which instituted, Lord, by Thee,
 Or life or death conveys !
 Death to the impious and profane ;
 Nor shall our faith in Thee be vain,
 Who here expect thy grace.

2 Who eats unworthily this bread,
 Pulls down thy curses on his head,
 And eats his deadly bane ;
 And shall not we, who rightly eat,
 Live by the salutary meat,
 And equal blessings gain ?

3 Destruction if thy body shed,
 And strike the souls of sinners dead,
 Who dare the signs abuse ;
 Surely the instrument divine,
 To all that are, or would be thine,
 Shall saving health diffuse.

4 Saviour of life, and joy, and bliss,
 Pardon, and power, and perfect peace,
 We shall herewith receive ;
 The grace implied through faith is given,
 And we that eat the bread of heaven,
 The life of heaven shall live.

HYMN 57.

8 lines, 7s & 6s.

1 O THE depth of love divine,
The' unfathomable grace !
Who shall say how bread and wine,
God into man conveys ?
How the bread his flesh imparts ;
How the wine transmits his blood ;
Fills his faithful people's hearts
With all the life of God ?

2 Let the wisest mortal show
How we the grace receive :
Feeble elements bestow
A power not theirs to give :
Who explains this wondrous way,
How through these the virtue came ?
These the virtue did convey,
Yet still remain the same.

3 How can heavenly spirits rise,
By earthly matter fed ;
Drink herewith divine supplies,
And eat immortal bread ?
Ask the Father's wisdom how ;
Him that did the means ordain ;
Angels round our altars bow,
To search it out in vain.

4 Sure and real is the grace,
The manner be unknown ;
Only meet us in thy ways,
And perfect us in one :
Let us taste the heavenly powers,
Lord, we ask for nothing more ;
Thine to bless, 'tis only ours,
To wonder and adore.

HYMN 58.

L. M.

- 1 How long, thou faithful God, shall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie?
When shall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me?
- 2 Sinners on every side step in,
And wash away their pain and sin;
But I, an helpless, sin-sick soul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.
- 3 In vain I take the broken bread ;
I cannot on thy mercy feed :
In vain I drink the hallow'd wine ;
I cannot taste the love divine.
- 4 Angel and Son of God, come down,
Thy sacramental banquet crown ;
Thy power into the means infuse,
And give them now their sacred use.
- 5 Thou seest me lying at the pool,
I would, thou know'st, I would be whole ;
O let the troubled waters move,
And minister thy healing love !
- 6 Break to me now the hallow'd bread,
And bid me on thy body feed ;
Give me the wine, almighty God,
And let me drink thy precious blood.
- 7 Surely if Thou the symbols bless,
The covenant-blood shall seal my peace ;
Thy flesh even now shall be my food,
And all my soul be fill'd with God.

HYMN 59.

6s & 7s.

1 GOD incomprehensible,
Shall man presume to know ;
Fully search him out, or tell
His wondrous ways below ?
Him in all his ways we find :
How the means transmit the power ;
Here he leaves our thoughts behind,
And faith inquires no more.

2 How he did these creatures raise,
And make this bread and wine,
Organs to convey his grace
To this poor soul of mine ;
I cannot the way descry,
Need not know the mystery ;
Only this I know, that I
Was blind, but now I see.

3 Now mine eyes are open'd wide,
To see his pardoning love ;
Here I view the God that died,
My ruin to remove :
Clay upon mine eyes he laid,
(I at once my sight receiv'd,)
Bless'd, and bid me eat the bread,
And lo ! my soul believ'd.

HYMN 60.

C. M.

1 COME to the feast, for Christ invites,
And promises to feed ;
'Tis here his closest love unites
The members to their Head.

2 'Tis here he nourishes his own,
 With living bread from heaven ;
 Or makes himself to mourners known,
 And shows their sins forgiven.

3 Still in his instituted ways,
 He bids us ask the power ;
 The pardoning, or the hallowing grace,
 And wait the' appointed hour.

4 'Tis not for us to set our God
 A time his grace to give ;
 The benefit, whene'er bestow'd,
 We gladly should receive.

5 Who seek redemption through his love,
 His love shall them redeem ;
 He came self-emptied from above,
 That we might live through him.

6 Expect we then the quick'ning word,
 Who at his altar bow ;
 But if it be thy pleasure, Lord,
 O let us find thee now !

HYMN 61.

6 lines 8s.

1 THOU God of boundless power and grace,
 How wonderful are all thy ways,
 How far above our loftiest thought ;
 In presence of the meanest things,
 (While all from thee the virtue springs,)
 Thy most stupendous works are wrought.

2 Struck by a stroke of Moses' rod,
 The parting sea confess'd its God,
 And high in crystal bulwarks rose ;

At Moses' beck it burst the chain,
Return'd to all its strength again,
And swept to hell thy church's foes.

3 Let but thy ark the walls surround,
Let but the ram's-horn trumpets sound,
The city boasts its height no more :
Its bulwarks are at once o'erthrown ;
Its massy walls by air blown down ;
They fall before almighty power.

4 Jordan, at thy command, shall heal
The sore disease incurable,
And wash out all the leper's stains ;
Or oil the medicine shall supply,
Or clothes, or shadows passing by,
If so thy sovereign will ordains.

5 Yet not from these the power proceeds,
Trumpets, or rods, or clothes, or shades,
Thy only arm the work hath done ;
If instruments thy wisdom choose,
Thy grace confers their saving use :
Salvation is from God alone.

6 Thou in this sacramental bread,
Dost now our hungry spirits feed,
And cheer us with the hallow'd wine ;
(Communion of thy flesh and blood ;)
We banquet on immortal food,
And drink the streams of life divine.

HYMN 62.

L. M.

1 THE heavenly ordinances shine,
And speak their origin divine ;
The stars diffuse their golden blaze,
And glitter to their Maker's praise.

D 5

- 2 They each in different glory bright,
With stronger or with feebler light,
Their influence on mortals shed,
And cheer us by their friendly aid.
- 3 The gospel-ordinances here,
As stars in Jesu's church appear ;
His power they more or less declare,
But all his heavenly impress bear.
- 4 Around our lower orb they burn,
And cheer and bless us in their turn,
Transmit the light by Jesus given,
The faithful witnesses of heaven.
- 5 They steer the pilgrim's course aright ;
And, bounteous of their borrow'd light,
Conduct throughout the desert way,
And lead us to eternal day.
- 6 But first of the celestial train,
Benignest to the sons of men,
The sacramental glory shines,
And answers all our God's designs.
- 7 The heavenly host it passes far,
Illustrious as the morning star,
The light of life divine imparts,
While Jesus rises in our hearts.
- 8 With joy we feel its sacred power,
But neither stars nor means adore ;
We take the blessing from above,
And praise the God of truth and love.
- 9 What he did for our use ordain,
Shall still from age to age remain ;
Whoe'er rejects the kind command,
The word of God shall ever stand.

10 Go, foolish worms, his word deny ;
Go, tear those planets from the sky ;
But while the sun and moon endure,
The ordinance on earth is sure.

HYMN 63. 6s & 7s.

1 O GOD, thy word we claim ;
Thou here record'st thy name :
Visit us in pardoning grace ;
Christ the crucified appear ;
Come in thy appointed ways ;
Come, and meet, and bless us here.

2 No local Deity
We worship, Lord, in Thee :
Free thy grace and unconfin'd ;
Yet it here doth freest move :
In the means thy love enjoin'd,
Look we for thy richest love.

HYMN 64. 6 lines 7s.

1 O THE grace on man bestow'd !
Here my dearest Lord I see,
Offering up his death to God,
Giving all his life to me :
God for Jesu's sake forgives,
Man by Jesu's Spirit lives.

2 Yes, thy sacrament extends
All the blessings of thy death,
To the soul that here attends,
Longs to feel thy quick'ning breath :
Surely we who wait shall prove
All thy life of perfect love.

HYMN 65.

C. M.

- 1 BLESS'D be the Lord, for ever bless'd,
Who bought us with a price;
And bids his ransom'd servants feast
On his great sacrifice.
- 2 Thy blood was shed upon the cross,
To wash us white as snow:
Broken for us thy body was,
To feed our souls below.
- 3 Now on the sacred table laid,
Thy flesh becomes our food;
Thy life is to our souls convey'd,
In sacramental blood.
- 4 We eat the offerings of our peace,
The hidden manna prove;
And only live to' adore and bless
Thine all-sufficient love.

HYMN 66.

8s & 6s.

- 1 JESU, my Lord and God, bestow
All which thy sacrament doth show,
And make the real sign
A sure effectual means of grace;
Then sanctify my heart and bless,
And make it all like thine.
- 2 Great is thy faithfulness and love;
Thine ordinance can never prove
Of none effect and vain:
Only do Thou my heart prepare,
To find thy real presence there,
And all thy fulness gain.

HYMN 67. 8s & 6s.

- 1 FATHER, I offer thee my own,
This worthless soul ; and thou thy Son
Dost offer here to me :
Wilt thou so mean a gift receive,
And will the holy Jesus live
With loathsome leprosy ?
- 2 Saint of the Lord, my soul is sin ;
Yet, O eternal Priest, come in,
And cleanse thy mean abode :
Convert into a sacred shrine,
And count this abject soul of mine,
A temple meet for God.

HYMN 68. 7s.

- 1 JESU, Son of God, draw near,
Hasten to my sepulchre ;
Help, where dead in sin I lie,
Save, or I for ever die.
- 2 Let no savour of the grave
Stop thy power to help and save ;
Call me forth to life restor'd,
Quicken'd by my dying Lord.
- 3 By thine all-atoning blood,
Raise and bring me now to God ;
Now, pronounce my sins forgiven,
Loose, and let me go to heaven.

HYMN 69. 6s & 7s.

- 1 SINFUL, and blind, and poor,
And lost without thy grace ;
Thy mercy I implore,
And wait to see thy face :

Begging I sit by the way-side,
And long to know the Crucified.

2 Jesu, attend my cry ;
Thou Son of David hear ;
If now Thou passest by,
Stand still, and call me near :
The darkness from my heart remove,
And show me now thy pardoning love.

HYMN 70.

L. M.

HAPPY the man to whom 'tis given,
To eat the bread of life in heaven :
This happiness in Christ we prove,
Who feed on his forgiving love,

HYMN 71.

6 lines 8s.

1 DRAW near, ye blood-besprinkled race,
And take what God vouchsafes to give ;
The outward sign of inward grace,
Ordain'd by Christ himself, receive :
The sign transmits the signified,
And grace is by the means applied.

2 Sure pledges of his dying love,
Receive the sacramental meat ;
And feel the virtue from above,
The mystic flesh of Jesus eat :
Drink with the wine his healing blood,
And feast on the incarnate God.

3 Gross misconceit be far away !
Through faith we on his body feed ;
Faith only doth the Spirit convey,
And fills our souls with living bread ;

The' effects of Jesu's death imparts,
And pours his blood into our hearts.

HYMN 72.

C. M.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, thine influence shed,
 And realize the sign ;
 Thy life infuse into the bread,
 Thy power into the wine.
- 2 Effectual let the tokens prove,
 And made by heavenly art,
 Fit channels to convey thy love
 To every faithful heart.

HYMN 73.

L. M.

- 1 Is not the cup of blessing, bless'd
 By us, the sacred means to impart
 Our Saviour's blood with power impress'd,
 And pardon to the faithful heart ?
- 2 Is not the hallow'd broken bread,
 A sure communicating sign ;
 An instrument, ordain'd to feed
 Our souls with mystic flesh divine ?
- 3 The effects of his atoning blood,
 His body offer'd on the tree,
 Are with the awful types bestow'd,
 On me, the pardon'd rebel, me !
- 4 On all who at his word draw near,
 In faith the outward veil look through :
 Sinners, believe, and find him here :
 Believe ; and feel he died for you.

5 In memory of your dying God,
 The symbols faithfully receive ;
 And eat the flesh, and drink the blood
 Of Jesus, and for ever live.

HYMN 74.

S. M.

1 THIS, this is He that came,
 By water and by blood !
 Jesus is our atoning Lamb,
 Our sanctifying God.

2 See from his wounded side,
 The mingled current flow !
 The water and the blood applied,
 Shall wash us white as snow.

3 The water cannot cleanse
 Before the blood we feel,
 To purge the guilt of all our sins,
 And our forgiveness seal.

4 But both in Jesus join,
 Who speaks our sins forgiven ;
 And gives the purity divine,
 That makes us meet for heaven.

HYMN 75.

S. M.

1 FATHER, the grace we claim,
 The double grace, bestow'd
 On all who trust on him that came
 By water and by blood.

2 Jesu, the blood apply,
 The righteousness bring in ;
 Us by thy dying justify,
 And wash out all our sin.

3 Spirit of faith, come down,
Thy seal with power set to ;
The banquet by thy presence crown,
And prove the record true.

4 Pardon and grace impart :
Come quickly from above,
And witness now in every heart,
That God is perfect love.

HYMN 76.

L. M.

1 **SEARCHER** of hearts, in ours appear,
And make, and keep them all sincere ;
Or draw us burthen'd to thy Son,
Or make him to his mourners known.

2 Thy promis'd grace vouchsafe to give,
As each is able to receive ;
The blessed gift to all impart,
Or joy, or purity of heart.

3 Our helpless unbelief remove,
And melt us by thy pardoning love ;
Work in us faith, or faith's increase,
The dawning, or the perfect peace.

4 Give each to Thee as seemeth best,
But meet us all at thy own feast ;
Thy blessing in thy means convey,
Nor empty send one soul away.

HYMN 77.

6s & 7s.

1 How long, O Lord, shall we
 In vain lament for thee?
 Come, and comfort them that mourn;
 Come, as in the ancient days;
 In thine ordinance return;
 In thine own appointed ways.

2 Come to thy house again,
 Nor let us seek in vain:
 This the place of meeting be;
 To thy weeping flock repair;
 Let us here thy beauty see,
 Find thee in the house of prayer.

3 Let us with solemn awe
 Nigh to thine altar draw;
 Taste thee in the broken bread;
 Drink thee in the mystic wine:
 Now the gracious Spirit shed;
 Fill us now with love divine.

4 Into our minds recall
 Thy death, endur'd for all:
 Come, in this accepted day;
 Come, and all our souls restore;
 Come, and take our sins away;
 Come, and never leave us more.

HYMN 78.*Peculiar Metre.*

1 LAMB of God, for whom we languish,
 Make thy grief Our relief,
 Ease us by thine anguish.

2 O our agonizing Saviour,
By thy pain, Let us gain
God's eternal favour.

3 Suffer sin no more to' oppress us ;
Set us free, (All with me ;)
By thy bonds release us.

4 Clear us by thy condemnation ;
Slain for all, Let thy fall
Be our exaltation.

5 Thy deserts to us make over ;
Speak us whole, Every soul
By thy word recover.

6 Let us through thy curse inherit
Blessings' store, Love and power,
Fulness of thy Spirit.

7 The whole ben'fit of thy passion ;
Present peace, Future bliss,
All thy great salvation.

8 Power to walk in all well-pleasing,
Bid us take ; Come and make
This the' accepted season.

9 In thine own appointments bless us ;
Meet us here, Now appear
Our almighty Jesus.

10 Let the ordinance be sealing ;
Enter now, Claim us Thou
For thy constant dwelling.

11 Fill the heart of each believer :
We are thine, Love divine ;
Reign in us for ever.

HYMN 79.*6 lines 8s.*

1 JESU, regard the plaintive cry ;
 The groaning of thy prisoners hear ;
 Thy blood to every soul apply ;
 The heart of every mourner cheer :
 The tokens of thy passion show,
 And meet us in thy ways below.

2 The' atonement Thou for all hast made,
 O that we all might now receive !
 Assure us now the debt is paid,
 And Thou hast died that all may live :
 Thy death for all, for us reveal,
 And let thy blood my pardon seal.

HYMN 80.*8s & 6s.*

1 WITH pity, Lord, a sinner see,
 Weary of thy ways and thee :
 Forgive my fond despair
 A blessing in the means to find,
 My struggling to throw off the care,
 And cast them all behind.

2 Long have I groan'd thy grace to gain,
 Suffer'd on, but all in vain ;
 An age of mournful years
 I waited for thy passing by,
 And lost my prayers, and sighs, and tears,
 And never found thee nigh.

3 Thou would'st not let me go away ;
 Still thou forcest me to stay ;

O might the secret power
Which will not with its captive part,
Nail to the posts of mercy's door,
My poor unstable heart !

4 The nails that fix'd thee to the tree,
Only they can fasten me :
The death thou didst endure
For me, let it effectual prove :
Thy love alone my soul can cure,
Thy dear expiring love.

5 Now in the means the grace impart ;
Whisper peace into my heart :
Appear the Justifier
Of all who to thy wounds would fly ;
And let me have my one desire,
To see thy face, and die.

HYMN 81.

S. M. D.

1 JESU, we thus obey
Thy last and kindest word ;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
We come to meet our Lord :
The way Thou hast enjoin'd,
Thou wilt therein appear :
We come with confidence to find
Thy special presence here.

2 Our hearts we open wide,
To make the Saviour room ;
And lo ! the Lamb, the Crucified,
The sinner's Friend is come !
His presence makes the feast ;
And now our bosoms feel
The glory not to be express'd,
The joy unspeakable.

3 With pure celestial bliss,
 He doth our spirits cheer ;
 His house of banqueting is this,
 And he hath brought us here :
 He doth his servants feed
 With manna from above :
 His banner over us is spread,
 His everlasting love.

4 He bids us drink, and eat
 Imperishable food ;
 He gives his flesh to be our meat,
 And bids us drink his blood :
 Whate'er the Almighty can
 To pardon'd sinners give,
 The fulness of our God made man,
 We here with Christ receive.

HYMN 82.

8s & 7s.

1 JESU, sinners' Friend, receive us,
 Feeble, famishing, and faint ;
 O, thou bread of life, relieve us
 Now, or now we die for want :
 Lest we faint and die for ever,
 Thou our sinking spirits stay ;
 Give some token of thy favour ;
 Empty send us not away.

2 We have in the desert tarried
 Long, and nothing have to eat ;
 Comfort us, through wand'ring wearied,
 Feed our souls with living meat :
 Still with bowels of compassion,
 See thy helpless people, see ;
 Let us taste thy great salvation,
 Let us feed by faith on Thee.

HYMN 83.

8s & 7s.

1 LORD, if now thou passest by us,
Stand and call us unto Thee ;
Freely, fully justify us,
Give us eyes thy love to see :
Love that brought thee down from heaven,
Made our God a man of grief,
Let it show our sins forgiven ;
Help, O help our unbelief.

2 Long we for thy love have waited,
Begging sat by the way-side ;
Still we are not new-created,
Are not wholly sanctified :
Thou to some, in great compassion,
Hast in part their sight restor'd ;
Show us all thy full salvation,
Make the servants as their Lord.

HYMN 84.

8 lines, 7s & 6s.

1 CHRIST, our passover, for us
Is offer'd up and slain !
Let him be remember'd thus,
By every soul of man :
We are bound above the rest,
His oblation to proclaim ;
Keep we then the solemn feast,
And banquet on the Lamb.

2 Purge we all our sin away,
That old accursed leaven ;
Sin in us no longer stay,
In us through Christ forgiven :

Let us with hearts sincere,
 Eat the new unleaven'd bread ;
 To our Lord with faith draw near,
 And on his promise feed.

3 Jesus, Master of the feast,
 The feast itself thou art ;
 Now receive thy meanest guest,
 And comfort every heart :
 Give us living bread to eat,
 Manna that from heaven comes down ;
 Fill us with immortal meat,
 And make thy nature known.

4 In this barren wilderness
 Thou hast a table spread,
 Furnish'd out with richest grace,
 Whate'er our souls can need.
 Still sustain us by thy love,
 Still thy servants' strength repair,
 Till we reach the courts above,
 And feast for ever there.

HYMN 85.

C. M. D.

1 O THOU, whom sinners love, whose care
 Doth all our sickness heal ;
 Thee we approach, with hearts sincere ;
 Thy power we joy to feel.
 To Thee our humblest thanks we pay ;
 To Thee our souls we bow ;
 Of hell e'er while the helpless prey,
 Heirs of thy glory now.

2 As incense to thy throne above,
 O let our prayers arise !
 Wing with the flames of holy love
 Our living sacrifice :

Stir up thy strength, O Lord of might,
Our willing breasts inspire ;
Fill our whole souls with heavenly light,
Melt with seraphic fire.

3 From thy bless'd wounds, life let us draw ;
Thine all-atoning blood
Now let us drink with trembling awe,
Thy flesh be now our food.
Come, Lord, thy sovereign aid impart,
Here make thy likeness shine ;
Stamp thy whole image on our heart,
And all our heart is thine.

HYMN 86.

S. M.

1 AND shall I let him go ?
If now I do not *feel*
The streams of living water flow,
Shall I forsake the well ?

2 Because he hides his face,
Shall I no longer stay ;
But leave the channels of his grace,
And cast the means away ?

3 Get thee behind me, fiend,
On others try thy skill ;
Here let thy hellish whispers end,
To thee I say, *Be still !*

4 Jesus hath spoke the word ;
His will my reason is ;
Do this in memory of thy Lord,
Jesus hath said, *Do this !*

5 He bids me eat the bread,
 He bids me drink the wine;
 No other motive, Lord, I need,
 No other word than thine.

6 I cheerfully comply
 With what my Lord doth say;
 Let others ask a reason why,
 My glory is to' obey.

7 His will is good and just:
 Shall I his will withstand?
 If Jesus bid me lick the dust,
 I bow at his command:

8 Because he saith, *Do this,*
 This I will always do;
 Till Jesus come in glorious bliss,
 I *thus* his death will *show.*

HYMN 87.

Peculiar Metre.

1 By the picture of thy passion,
 Still in pain I remain,
 Waiting for salvation.

2 Jesu, let thy sufferings ease me;
 Saviour, Lord, Speak the word,
 By thy death release me.

3 At thy cross behold me lying;
 Make my soul Throughly whole,
 By thy blood's applying.

4 Hear me, Lord, my sins confessing;
 Now relieve, Saviour give,
 Give me now the blessing.

5 Still my cruel sins oppress me ;
Tied and bound, Till the sound
Of thy voice release me.

6 Call me out of condemnation :
To my grave Come, and save ;
Save me by thy passion.

7 To thy foul and helpless creature
Come, and cleanse all my sins ;
Come and change my nature.

8 Save me now, and still deliver ;
Enter in, Cast out sin,
Keep thine house for ever.

HYMN 88.

C. M.

1 GIVE us this day, all bounteous Lord,
Our sacramental bread ;
Who thus His sacrifice record,
That suffer'd in our stead.

2 Reveal in every soul thy Son ;
And let us taste the grace,
Which brings assur'd salvation down
To all who seek thy face.

3 Who here commemorate his death,
To us his life impart ;
The loving filial Spirit breathe
Into my waiting heart.

4 My earnest of eternal bliss,
Let my Redeemer be ;
And if even now he present is,
Now let him speak to me.

HYMN 89.*6 lines 8s.*

1 YE faithful souls, who thus record
 The passion of that Lamb divine,
 Is the memorial of our Lord,
 An useless form, an empty sign ?
 Or doth he here his life impart ;
 What saith the witness of your heart ?

2 Is it the dying Master's will,
 That we should this persist to do ?
 Then let him here himself reveal,
 The tokens of his presence show ;
 Descend in blessings from above,
 And answer by the fire of love.

3 Who Thee remember in thy ways,
 Come, Lord, and meet and bless us here ;
 In confidence we ask the grace,
 Faithful and true, appear, appear :
 Let all perceive thy blood applied ;
 Let all discern the Crucified.

4 'Tis done ; the Lord sets to his seal ;
 The prayer is heard, the grace is given ;
 With joy unspeakable we feel
 The Holy Ghost sent down from heaven :
 The altar streams with sacred blood,
 And all the temple flames with God !

HYMN 90.*6 lines 8s.*

1 BLESS'D be the love, for ever bless'd !
 The bleeding love we thus record !
 Jesus, we take the dear bequest,
 Obedient to thy kindest word :

Thy word which stands divinely sure,
And shall from age to age endure.

2 In vain the subtle tempter tries,
 Thy dying precept to repeal ;
To hide the letter from our eyes,
 And break the testimonial seal ;
Refine the solid truth away,
 And make us free—to disobey.

3 In vain he labours to persuade,
 Thou didst not mean the word should bind :
The feast for thy first followers made,
 For them, and us, and all mankind,
Mindful of Thee we still attend ;
 And this we do, till time shall end.

4 Through vain pretence of clearer light,
 We do not, Lord, refuse to see,
Or weakly the commandment slight,
 To show our Christian liberty ;
Or seek rebelliously to prove,
 The pureness of our catholic love.

5 Our wandering brethren's hearts to gain,
 We will not let our Saviour go ;
But in thine ancient paths remain,
 But thus persist thy death to show ;
Till strong with all thy life we rise,
 And meet Thee coming in the skies !

HYMN 91.

6 lines 8s.

1 ALL-loving, all-redeeming Lord,
 Thy wandering sheep with pity see,
Who slight thy dearest, dying word,
 And will not thus remember Thee :

To all who will perform thy will,
The glorious promis'd truth reveal.

2 Can we enjoy thy richest love,
Nor long that they the grace may share ?
Thou from their eyes the scales remove,
Thou the eternal word declare :
Thy Spirit with thy word impart,
And speak the precept to their heart.

3 If chiefly here thou mayst be found,
If now, e'en now we find Thee here ;
O let their joys like ours abound !
Invite them to the royal cheer ;
Feed with imperishable food,
And fill their raptur'd souls with God.

4 Jesu, we will not let Thee go,
But keep herein our fastest hold,
Till Thou to them thy counsel show,
And call and make us all one fold :
One hallow'd, undivided bread,
One body knit to Thee our head.

HYMN 92.

5s & 11s.

1 Ah tell us no more,
The spirit and power
Of Jesus our God,
Is not to be found in this life-giving food !

2 Did Jesus ordain
His supper in vain ;
And furnish a feast,
For none but his earliest servants to taste ?

3 Nay, but this is his will,
(We know it and feel,)

That we should partake
The banquet for all he so freely did make.

4 In rapturous bliss
He bids us do this :
The joy it imparts,
Hath witness'd his gracious design in our hearts.

5 'Tis God we believe,
Who cannot deceive ;
The witness of God
Is present, and speaks in the mystical blood.

6 Receiving the bread,
On Jesus we feed ;
It doth not appear,
His manner of working ; but Jesus is here !

7 With bread from above,
With comfort and love,
Our spirit he fills ;
And all his unspeakable goodness reveals.

8 O that all men would haste
To the spiritual feast ;
At Jesus's word
Do this, and be fed with the love of our Lord !

9 True Light of mankind,
Shine into their mind,
And clearly reveal
Thy perfect, and good, and acceptable will.

10 Bring near the glad day,
When all shall obey
Thy dying request,
And eat of thy supper, and lean on thy breast.

11 To all men impart
One way and one heart;
Thy people be shown,
All righteous, and sinless, and perfect in one.

12 Then, then let us see
Thy glory, and be
Caught up in the air,
This heavenly supper in heaven to share.

III. The Sacrament a Pledge of Heaven.

HYMN 93.

6 lines 8s.

- 1 COME let us join with one accord,
Who share the supper of the Lord,
Our Lord and Master's praise to sing ;
Nourish'd on earth with living bread,
We now are at his table fed,
But wait to see our heavenly King.
- 2 To see the great Invisible,
Without a sacramental veil,
With all his robes of glory on ;
In rapturous joy, and love, and praise,
Him to behold with open face,
High on his everlasting throne !
- 3 The wine which doth his passion show,
We soon with him shall drink it new,
In yonder dazzling courts above ;
Admitted to the heavenly feast,
We shall his choicest blessings taste,
And banquet on his richest love.
- 4 We soon the midnight cry shall hear,
Arise, and meet the bridegroom near ;
The marriage of the Lamb is come :
Attended by his heavenly friends,
The glorious King of Saints descends,
To take his bride in triumph home.

5 Then let us still in hope rejoice,
 And listen for the archangel's voice,
 Loud echoing to the trump of God ;
 Haste to the dreadful, joyful day,
 When heaven and earth shall flee away,
 By all-devouring flames destroy'd.

6 While we from out the burnings fly,
 With eagles' wings mount up on high,
 Where Jesus is on Sion seen :
 'Tis there he for our coming waits ;
 And lo, the everlasting gates
 Lift up their heads to take us in !

7 By faith and hope already there,
 Ev'n now the marriage-feast we share ;
 Ev'n now we by the Lamb are fed ;
 Our Lord's celestial joy we prove,
 Led by the Spirit of his love,
 To springs of living comfort led.

8 Suffering, and curse, and death are o'er,
 And pain afflicts the soul no more,
 While harbour'd in the Saviour's breast ;
 He quiets all our plaints and cries,
 And wipes the sorrow from our eyes,
 And lulls us in his arms to rest !

HYMN 94.

C. M.

1 O WHAT a soul-transporting feast,
 Doth this communion yield !
 Rememb'ring here thy passion past,
 We with thy love are fill'd.

2 Sure instrument of present grace,
 Thy sacrament we find,
 Yet higher blessings it displays,
 And raptures still behind.

3 It bears us now on eagles' wings,
If Thou the power impart,
And thee, our glorious earnest, brings
Into our faithful heart.

4 O let us still the earnest feel,
The' unutterable peace !
This loving Spirit be the seal
Of our eternal bliss.

HYMN 95. 10s.

1 IN Jesus we live, In Jesus we rest,
And thankful receive His dying bequest ;
The cup of salvation His mercy bestows,
And all from his passion Our happiness flows.

2 With mystical wine, He comforts us here,
And gladly we join, Till Jesus appear,
With hearty thanksgiving His death to record :
The living, the living, Should sing of their Lord.

3 He hallow'd the cup, Which now we receive,
The pledge of our hope With Jesus to live,
(Where sorrow and sadness Shall never be found,)
With glory and gladness Eternally crown'd.

4 The fruit of the vine (The joy it implies)
Again we shall join To drink in the skies ;
Exult in his favour, Our triumph renew :
And I, saith the Saviour, Will drink it with you.

HYMN 96. C. M.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus join'd,
And sav'd by grace alone ;
Walking in all thy ways we find
Our heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
 Their mighty joys we know ;
 They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
 And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
 And bow before thy throne ;
 We in the kingdom of thy grace ;
 The kingdoms are but one.

4 The Holy to the Holiest leads ;
 From hence our spirits rise ;
 And he that in thy statutes treads,
 Shall meet thee in the skies.

HYMN 97.

S. M.

1 THEE, King of saints, we praise
 For this our living bread ;
 Nourish'd by thy preserving grace,
 And at thy table fed.

2 Who in these lower parts,
 Of thy great kingdom feast,
 We feel the earnest in our hearts,
 Of our eternal rest.

3 Yet still a higher seat
 We in thy kingdom claim,
 Who here begin by faith to eat
 The supper of the Lamb.

4 That glorious heavenly prize,
 We surely shall attain ;
 And in the palace of the skies,
 With thee for ever reign.

HYMN 98.

7s.

- 1 WHERE shall this memorial end ?
Thither let your souls ascend ;
Live on earth to heāven restor'd,
Wait the coming of our Lord.
- 2 Jesus terminates our hope ;
Jesus is our wishes' scope ;
End of this great mystery,
Him we fain would die to see.
- 3 He whom we remember here,
Christ shall in the clouds appear ;
Manifest to every eye,
We shall soon behold him nigh.
- 4 Faith ascends the mountain's height ;
Now enjoys the pompous sight ;
Ante-dates the final doom ;
Sees the Judge in glory come.
- 5 Lo, he comes triumphant down,
Seated on his great white throne !
Cherubs bear it on their wings,
Shouting bear the King of kings.
- 6 Lo, his glorious banner spread,
Stains the skies with deepest red ;
Dyes the land, and fires the wood,
Turns the ocean into blood.
- 7 Gather'd to the well-known sign,
We our elder brethren join ;
Swiftly to our Lord fly up,
Hail him on the mountain-top :

8 Take our happy seats above;
 Banquet on his heavenly love;
 Lean on our Redeemer's breast;
 In his arms for ever rest.

HYMN 99.

C. M.

1 WHITHER should our full souls aspire,
 At this transporting feast?
 They never can on earth be higher,
 Or more completely bless'd.

2 Our cup of blessing from above,
 Delightfully runs o'er;
 Till from these bodies they remove,
 Our souls can hold no more.

3 To heaven the mystic banquet leads;
 Let us to heaven ascend,
 And bear this joy upon our heads,
 Till it in glory end.

4 Till all who truly join in this,
 The marriage-supper share;
 Enter into their Master's bliss,
 And feast for ever there.

HYMN 100.

C. M.

1 RETURNING to his throne above,
 The Friend of sinners cried,
 Do this in mem'ry of my love:
 He spoke the word, and died.

2 He tasted death for every one:
 The Saviour of mankind,
 Out of our sight to heaven is gone,
 But left his pledge behind.

3 His sacramental pledge we take,
Nor will we let it go ;
Till in the clouds our Lord comes back,
We thus his death will show.

4 Come quickly, Lord, for whom we mourn,
And comfort all that grieve ;
Prepare the bride, and then return,
And to thyself receive.

5 Now to thy gracious kingdom come ;
(Thou hast a token given ;)
And when thy arms receive us home,
Recall thy pledge in heaven.

HYMN 101.

L. M.

1 How glorious is the life above,
Which in this ordinance we taste ;
That fulness of celestial love,
That joy which shall for ever last !

2 That heav'nly life in Christ conceal'd,
These earthen vessels could not bear ;
The part which now we find reveal'd,
No tongue of angels can declare.

3 The light of life eternal darts
Into our souls a dazzling ray ;
A drop of heav'n o'erflows our hearts,
And deluges the house of clay.

4 Sure pledge of ecstasies unknown,
Shall this divine communion be ;
The ray shall rise into a sun ;
The drop shall swell into a sea.

HYMN 102.

8 lines, 7s & 6s.

1 O THE length, and breadth, and height,
 And depth of dying love !
 Love that turns our faith to sight,
 And wafts to heaven above !
 Pledge of our possession this,
 This, which nature faints to bear ;
 Who shall then support the bliss,
 The joy, the rapture there !

2 Flesh and blood shall not receive
 The vast inheritance ;
 God we cannot see, and live
 The life of feeble sense :
 In our weakest non-age, here,
 Up into our Head we grow ;
 Saints before our Lord appear,
 And ripe for heaven below.

3 We his image shall regain,
 And to his stature rise ;
 Rise into a perfect man,
 And then ascend the skies :
 Find our happy mansions there ;
 Strong to bear the joys above ;
 All the glorious weight to bear,
 Of everlasting love.

HYMN 103.

7s.

1 TAKE, and eat, the Saviour saith,
 This my sacred body is !
 Him we take and eat by faith,
 Feed upon that flesh of his :

All the benefits receive,
Which his passion did procure ;
Pardon'd by his grace we live,
Grace which makes salvation sure.

2 Title to eternal bliss,
Here his precious death we find ;
This the pledge, the earnest this,
Of the purchas'd joys behind :
Here he gives our souls a taste ;
Heaven into our hearts he pours ;
Still believe, and hold him fast ;
God, and Christ, and all is ours !

HYMN 104.

6 lines 8s.

1 RETURNING to his Father's throne,
Hear all the interceding Son,
And join in that eternal prayer :
He prays that we with him may reign ;
And he that did the kingdom gain
For us, shall soon conduct us there.

2 "I will that those thou giv'st to me,
May all my heavenly glory see ;
But first be perfected in one."
Amen, amen, our heart replies ;
Prepare, and take us to the skies ;
Thy prayer be heard, thy will be done !

HYMN 105.

7s.

1 LIFT your eyes of faith, and see
Saints and angels join'd in one !
What a countless company
Stands before yon dazzling throne !

Each before his Saviour stands,
 All in milk-white robes array'd ;
 Palms they carry in their hands,
 Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints, begin the endless song,
 Cry aloud in heavenly lays,
 Glory doth to God belong,
 God, the glorious Saviour, praise :
 All from him salvation came ;
 Him who reigns enthron'd on high :
 Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
 Let the morning stars reply.

3 Angel-powers the throne surround,
 Next the saints in glory they ;
 Lull'd with the transporting sound,
 They their silent homage pay ;
 Prostrate on their face before
 God and his Messiah fall ;
 Then in hymns of praise adore,
 Shout the Lamb that died for all !

4 Be it so, they all reply,
 Him let all our orders praise ;
 Him that did for sinners die,
 Saviour of the favour'd race :
 Render we our God his right,
 Glory, wisdom, thanks, and power,
 Honour, majesty, and might ;
 Praise him, praise him, evermore !

HYMN 106.*7s.*

1 **W**HAT are these array'd in white,
 Brighter than the noon-day sun ?
 Foremost of the sons of light,
 Nearest the eternal throne ?

These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood ;
Suff'fers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God.

2 Out of great distress they came,
Wash'd their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow :
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night :
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er ;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more :
No excessive heat they feel,
From the sun's directer ray ;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day.

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain,
To the living fountain lead :
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove ;
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

HYMN 107. *6 lines 8s.*

1 ALL hail, thou suffering Son of God,
Who didst these mysteries ordain ;
Communion of thy flesh and blood,
Sure instruments thy grace to gain ;

Type of the heavenly marriage-feast,
Pledge of our everlasting rest.

2 Jesu, thy own with pity see,
Our helpless unbelief remove,
Empower us to remember Thee ;
Give us the faith that works by love :
The faith which Thou hast given, increase,
And seal us up in glorious peace.

HYMN 108.

6 lines 8s.

1 AH, give us, Saviour, to partake
The sufferings which this emblem shows ;
Thy flesh our food immortal make ;
Thy blood, which in this channel flows,
In all its benefits impart,
And sanctify our sprinkled heart.

2 For all that joy which now we taste,
Our happy hallow'd souls prepare ;
O let us hold the earnest fast,
This pledge that we thy heaven shall share,
Shall drink it new with Thee above,
The wine of thy eternal love.

HYMN 109.

6 lines 7s.

1 LORD, thou know'st my simpleness,
All my groans are heard by Thee ;
See me hung'ring after grace ;
Gasping at thy table see
One who would in Thee believe,
Would with joy the crumbs receive.

2 Look, as when thy closing eye
Saw the thief beside the cross :
Thou art now gone up on high,
Undertake my desperate cause ;
In thy heavenly kingdom thou,
Be the friend of sinners now.

3 Saviour, Prince, enthron'd above,
Send a peaceful answer down ;
Let the bowels of thy love
Echo to a sinner's groan :
One who feebly thinks on Thee,
Thou for good remember me.

HYMN 110. 4-6s & 2-8s.

1 JESU, on thee we feed,
Along the desert way ;
Thou art the living bread,
Which doth our spirits stay ;
And all who in this banquet join,
Lean on the staff of life divine.

2 While to thy upper courts
We take our joyful flight,
Thy blessed cross supports
Each feeble Israelite :
Like hoary dying Jacob, we
Lean on our staff, and worship Thee.

3 O may we still abide
In Thee, our pardoning God ;
Thy Spirit be our guide,
Thy body be our food,
Till Thou, who hast the token given,
Shalt bear us on thyself to heaven.

HYMN 111.

4-6s & 2-8s.

1 AND can we call to mind
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 And not expect to find,
 What he for us did gain ?
 What God to us in him hath given,
 Pardon, and holiness, and heaven ?

2 We now forgiveness have ;
 We feel his work begun ;
 And he shall fully save,
 And perfect us in one ;
 Shall soon, in all his image dress'd,
 Receive us to the marriage-feast.

3 This token of thy love,
 We thankfully receive ;
 And hence with joy remove,
 With thee in heaven to live :
 There, Lord, we shall thy pledge restore,
 And live to praise thee evermore.

HYMN 112.

L. M. D.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, gone up on high,
 Blessings for mortals to receive,
 Send down those blessings from the sky,
 To us thy gifts and graces give :
 With holy things our mouths are fill'd,
 O let our hearts with joy o'erflow ;
 Descend, in pardoning love reveal'd,
 And meet us in thy courts below.

2 Thy sacrifice without the gate,
Once offer'd up, we call to mind,
And humbly at thy altar wait,
Our interest in thy death to find :
We thirst to drink thy precious blood ;
We languish in thy wounds to rest ;
And hunger for immortal food,
And long on all thy love to feast.

3 O that we now thy flesh may eat,
Its virtue really receive ;
Empower'd by this immortal meat,
The life of holiness to live :
Partakers of thy sacrifice,
O may we all thy nature share,
Till to the holiest place we rise,
And keep the feast for ever there.

HYMN 113.

6 *lines 8s.*

1 GIVE us, O Lord, the children's bread ;
By ministerial angels fed,
(The angels of thy church below,)
Nourish us with preserving grace
Our forty years, or forty days,
And lead us through the vale of woe.

2 Strengthen'd by this immortal food,
O let us reach the mount of God,
And face to face our Saviour see ;
In songs of praise, and love, and joy,
With all thy first-born sons employ,
A happy, whole eternity.

HYMN 114.

L. M.

1 SEE there the Quick'ning Cause of all,
 Who live the life of grace beneath !
 God caus'd on Him the sleep to fall,
 And lo, his eyes are clos'd in death !

2 He sleeps ;—and from his open'd side,
 The mingled blood and water flow ;
 They both give being to his bride,
 And wash his church as white as snow.

3 True principles of life divine,
 Issues from these the second Eve ;
 Mother of all the faithful line,
 Of all that by his passion live.

4 O what a miracle of love
 Hath he, our heavenly Adam, show'd !
 Jesus forsook his throne above,
 That we might all be born of God.

5 'Twas not a useless rib he lost ;
 His heart's last drop of blood he gave ;
 His life, his precious life it cost,
 Our dearly ransom'd souls to save.

6 And will he not his purchase take,
 Who died to make us all his own ?
 One spirit with himself to make,
 Flesh of his flesh, bone of his bone ?

7 He will, our hearts reply, he will ;
 He hath e'en here a token given ;
 And bids us meet him on the hill,
 And keep the marriage-feast in heaven.

HYMN 105.

6 lines 8s.

1 O GLORIOUS instrument divine,
Which blessings to our souls conveys;
Brings with the hallow'd bread and wine
His strength'ning and refreshing grace;
Presents his bleeding sacrifice;
His all-reviving death applies!

2 Glory to God who reigns above,
But suffer'd once for man below;
With joy we celebrate his love,
And thus his precious passion show,
Till in the clouds our Lord we see,
And shout with all his saints—'TIS HE!

IV. The Holy Eucharist, as it implies a Sacrifice.

HYMN 116. *6 lines 8s.*

1 VICTIM divine, thy grace we claim,
 While thus thy precious death we show :
 Once offer'd up a spotless Lamb,
 In thy great temple here below,
 Thou didst for all mankind atone,
 And standest now before the throne.

2 Thou standest in the holiest place,
 As now for guilty sinners slain ;
 Thy blood of sprinkling speaks, and prays,
 All-prevalent for helpless man ;
 Thy blood is still our ransom found,
 And speaks salvation all around.

3 The smoke of thy atonement here,
 Darken'd the sun, and rent the veil,
 Made the new way to heaven appear,
 And show'd the great Invisible :
 Well pleas'd in thee, our God look'd down,
 And call'd his rebels to a crown,

4 He still respects thy sacrifice ;
 Its savour sweet doth always please ;
 The offering smokes through earth and skies,
 Diffusing life, and joy, and peace :
 To these thy lower courts it comes,
 And fills them with divine perfumes.

5 We need not now go up to heaven,
To bring the long-sought Saviour down ;
Thou art to all already given,
Thou dost e'en now thy banquet crown :
To every faithful soul appear,
And show thy real presence there.

HYMN 117.

6 lines 8s.

1 THOU Lamb, that sufferedst on the tree,
And in this dreadful mystery,
Still offer'st up thyself to God ;
We cast us on thy sacrifice,
Wrapt in the sacred smoke arise,
And cover'd with the' atoning blood.

2 Thy death presented in our stead,
Enters us now among the dead,
Parts of thy mystic body here ;
By thy divine oblation rais'd,
And on our Aaron's ephod plac'd,
We now with thee in heaven appear.

3 Thy death exalts thy ransom'd ones,
And sets us 'midst the precious stones,
Closest thy dear, thy loving breast :
Israel as on thy shoulders stands ;
Our names are graven on the hands,
The heart of our eternal Priest.

4 For us he ever intercedes,
His heaven-deserving passion pleads,
Presenting us before the throne :
We want no sacrifice beside ;
By that great offering sanctified,
One with our Head, for ever one.

HYMN 118.

2-6s & 4-7s.

1 **LIVE**, our eternal Priest,
 By men and angels bless'd!
Jesus Christ, the Crucified,
 He who did for all atone ;
From the cross, where once he died,
 Now he up to heaven is gone.

2 He ever lives, and prays
 For all the faithful race ;
 In the holiest place above,
 Sinners' Advocate he stands ;
 Pleads for us his dying love,
 Shows for us his bleeding hands.

3 His body torn and rent,
 He doth to God present ;
 In that dear memorial shows,
 Israel's chosen tribes impress'd :
 All our names the Father knows ;
 Reads them on our Aaron's breast.

4 He reads, while we beneath
 Presents our Saviour's death ;
 Do as Jesus bids us do ;
 Signify his flesh and blood ;
 Him in a memorial show ;
 Offer up the Lamb to God.

5 From this thrice hallow'd shade,
 Which Jesu's cross hath made,
 Image of his sacrifice,
 Never, never will we move,
 Till with all his saints we rise ;
 Rise, and take our place above.

HYMN 119.

7s.

- 1 FATHER, God, who seest in me,
Only sin and misery ;
See thine own anointed one ;
Look on thy beloved Son.
- 2 Turn from me thy gracious eyes,
To that bloody sacrifice ;
To the full atonement made,
To the utmost ransom paid.
- 3 To the blood that speaks above,
Calls for thy forgiving love ;
To the tokens of his death,
Here exhibited beneath.
- 4 Hear his blood's prevailing cry ;
Let thy bowels then reply :
Then through him the sinner see ;
Then in Jesus look on me.

HYMN 120.

6 lines 7s.

- 1 FATHER, see the victim slain ;
Jesus Christ, the just, and good,
Offered up for guilty man ;
Pouring out his precious blood :
Him, and then the sinner see ;
Look through Jesu's wounds on me.
- 2 Me, the sinner most distress'd,
Most afflicted and forlorn ;
Stranger to a moment's rest,
Rueing that I e'er was born ;

Pierc'd with sin's invenom'd dart,
Dying of a broken heart.

3 Dying, whom thy hands have made,
 All thy blessings to receive ;
Dying, whom thy love hath stay'd,
 Whom thy pity would have live ;
Dying at my Saviour's side,
Dying, for whom Christ hath died.

4 Can it, Father, can it be ?
 What doth Jesu's blood reply ?
If it doth not plead for me,
 Let my soul for ever die :
But if mine through him thou art,
Speak the pardon to my heart.

HYMN 121.

6 lines 8s.

1 FATHER, behold thy favourite Son,
The glorious partner of thy throne,
 For ever plac'd at thy right hand ;
O look on thy Messiah's face,
And seal the covenant of thy grace
 To us who in thy Jesus stand.

2 To us thou hast redemption sent ;
And we again to thee present
 The blood that speaks our sins forgiven ;
That sprinkles all the nations round :
And now thou hear'st the solemn sound,
 Loud echoing through the courts of heaven.

3 The cross on Calvary he bore ;
He suffer'd once to die no more ;
 But left a sacred pledge behind :

So here!—It on thy altar lies,
Memorial of the sacrifice,
He offer'd once for all mankind.

4 Father, the grand oblation see ;
The death as present now with thee,
As when he gasp'd on earth, *Forgive!*
Answer, and show the curse remov'd ;
Accept us in the well-belov'd,
And bid thy world of rebels live.

HYMN 122.

8 lines, 7s & 6s.

1 FATHER, let the sinner go ;
The Lamb did once atone :
Lo, we to Justice show
The passion of thy Son :
Thus to thee we set it forth :
He the dying precept gave ;
He who hath sufficient worth,
A thousand worlds to save.

2 Can thy Justice ought reply
To our prevailing plea ?
Jesus died thy grace to buy
For all mankind and me.
Still before thy righteous throne
Stands the Lamb, as newly slain :
Canst thou turn away thy Son,
Or let him bleed in vain ?

3 Still the wounds are open wide ;
The blood doth freely flow,
As when first his sacred side
Receiv'd the deadly blow :

Still, O God, the blood is warm;
 Cover'd with the blood we are;
 Find a part it doth not arm,
 And strike the sinner there!

HYMN 123.

L. M. D.

1 O THOU, whose offering on the tree,
 The legal offerings all foreshow'd,
 Borrow'd their whole effects from thee,
 And drew their virtue from thy blood:
 The blood of goats and bullocks slain,
 Could never for one sin atone:
 To purge the guilty offerer's stain,
 Thine was the work, and thine alone.

2 Vain in themselves their duties were;
 Their services could never please,
 Till join'd with thine, and made to share
 The merits of thy righteousness:
 Forward they cast a faithful look,
 On thy approaching sacrifice;
 And thence their pleasing Saviour took,
 And rose accepted in the skies.

3 Those feeble types and shadows old,
 Are all in thee the Truth fulfill'd;
 And through this sacrament we hold
 The substance in our hearts reveal'd:
 By faith we see thy sufferings past,
 In this mysterious rite brought back;
 And on thy grand oblation cast,
 Its saving benefit partake.

4 Memorial of thy sacrifice,
 This eucharistic mystery
 The full atoning grace supplies,
 And sanctifies our gifts in thee:

Our persons and performance please,
While God in thee looks down from heaven ;
Our acceptable service sees,
And whispers all our sins forgiven.

HYMN 124.

6 lines 8s.

- 1 ALL hail, Redeemer of mankind !
Thy life on Calvary resign'd,
Did fully once for all atone ;
Thy blood hath paid our utmost price ;
Thine all-sufficient sacrifice
Remains eternally alone.
- 2 Angels and men might strive in vain ;
They could not add the smallest grain
To augment thy death's atoning power ;
Thy sacrifice is all complete ;
The death thou never canst repeat,
Once offer'd up to die no more.
- 3 Yet may we celebrate below,
And daily thus thine offering show,
Expos'd before thy Father's eyes !
In this tremendous mystery
Present thee bleeding on the tree,
Our everlasting sacrifice.
- 4 Father, behold thy dying Son !
Ev'n now he lays our ransom down,
Ev'n now declares our sins forgiven :
His flesh is rent, the living way
Is open'd to eternal day ;
And lo, through him we pass to heaven !

HYMN 125. 6 lines 8s.

1 O GOD of our forefathers, hear,
 And make thy faithful mercies known ;
 To thee, through Jesus, we draw near,
 Thy suffering, well-beloved Son,
 In whom thy smiling face we see,
 In whom thou art well-pleas'd with me.

2 With solemn faith we offer up,
 And spread before thy glorious eyes,
 That only ground of all our hope,
 That precious, bleeding sacrifice,
 Which brings thy grace on sinners down,
 And perfects all our souls in one.

3 Acceptance through his only name,
 Forgiveness in his blood we have ;
 But more abundant life we claim
 Through him who died our souls to save,
 To sanctify us by his blood,
 And fill with all the life of God.

4 Father, behold thy dying Son,
 And hear his blood that speaks above !
 On us let all thy grace be shown,
 Peace, righteousness, and joy, and love,—
 Thy kingdom,—come to every heart,
 And all thou hast, and all thou art.

HYMN 126.

C. M.

1 FATHER, to him we turn our face,
 Who did for all atone ;
 And worship toward thy holy place,
 And seek thee in thy Son.

2 Him, the true ark and mercy-seat,
 By faith we call to mind ;
Faith in the blood atoning yet
 For us and all mankind.

3 To thee his passion we present,
 Who for our ransom dies ;
We reach, by this great instrument,
 The' eternal sacrifice.

4 The Lamb, as crucified afresh,
 Is here held out to men ;
The tokens of his blood and flesh
 Are on his table seen.

5 The Lamb his Father now surveys,
 As on this altar slain ;
Still bleeding and imploring grace
 For every soul of man.

6 Father, for us, ev'n us he bleeds ;
 The sacrifice receive ;
Forgive, for Jesus intercedes ;
 He gasps in death, *Forgive !*

HYMN 127. *8 lines, 7s & 6s.*

1 DID thine ancient Israel go,
 With solemn praise and prayer,
To thy hallow'd courts below,
 To meet and serve thee there ?
To thy body, Lord, we flee ;
 This the consecrated shrine ;
Temple of the Deity,
 The real house divine.

3 Did they toward the altar turn
Their hopes, and heart, and face ;
Whence the victim's blood was borne,
Into the holiest place ?
Toward the cross we still look up ;
Toward the Lamb for sinners given ;
Through thine only death we hope
To find our way to heaven.

V. Concerning the Sacrifice of our Persons.

HYMN 128.

6 lines 8s.

- 1 ALL hail, thou mighty to atone!
To expiate sin is thine alone :
Thou hast alone the wine-press trod ;
Thou only hast for sinners died ;
By one oblation satisfied
The' inexorably righteous God.
- 2 Should the whole church in flames arise,
Offer'd as one burnt sacrifice,
The sinner's smallest debt to pay ;
They could not, Lord, their honour share,
With thee the Father's justice bear,
Or bear one single sin away.
- 3 Thyself our utmost price hast paid ;
Thou hast for all atonement made,
For all the sins of all mankind :
God doth for thee redemption give :
But how shall we the grace receive ?
But how shall we the blessing find ?
- 4 We only can accept the grace,
And humbly our Redeemer praise,
Who bought the glorious liberty :
The life thou didst for all procure,
We make by our believing sure
To us, who live and die to thee.

5 While faith the' atoning blood applies,
Ourselves a living sacrifice
 We freely offer up to God :
And none but those his glory share,
Who crucified with Jesus are,
 And follow where their Saviour trod.

6 Saviour, to thee our lives we give ;
Our meanest sacrifice receive,
 And to thy own oblation join ;
Our suffering and triumphant Head,
Through all thy states thy members lead,
 And seat us on the throne divine.

HYMN 129.

4-6s & 2-8s.

1 SEE where our great High Priest
 Before the Lord appears !
And on his loving breast
 The tribes of Israel bears :
Never without his people seen,
The Head of all believing men.

2 With him the corner-stone,
 The living stones conjoin ;
Christ and his church are one,
 One body and one vine :
For us he uses all his powers,
And all he has, or is, is ours.

3 The motions of our Head
 The members all pursue ;
By his good Spirit led
 To act and suffer too,
Whate'er he did on earth sustain,
Till glorious all like him we reign.

HYMN 130.

S. M.

- 1 JESU, we follow thee,
In all thy footsteps tread ;
And pant for full conformity
To our exalted Head.
- 2 We would, we would partake
Thy every state below ;
And suffer all things for thy sake,
And to thy glory go.
- 3 We in thy birth are born,
Sustain thy grief and loss ;
Share in thy want, and shame, and scorn,
And die upon thy cross.
- 4 Baptiz'd into thy death,
We sink into thy grave,
Till thou the quick'ning spirit breathe,
And to the utmost save.
- 5 Thou saidst, " Where'er I am,
There shall my servants be :"
Master, the welcome word we claim,
And die to live with thee.
- 6 To us, who share thy pain,
Thy joy shall soon be given ;
And we shall in thy glory reign,
For thou art now in heaven.

HYMN 131.

8 lines, 7s & 6s.

- 1 WOULD the Saviour of mankind
Without his people die ?
No ; to him we all are join'd,
As more than standers by.

Freely as the victim came
 To the altar of his cross,
 We attend the slaughter'd Lamb,
 And suffer for his cause.

2 Him e'en now by faith we see :
 Before our eyes he stands !
 On the suffering Deity
 We lay our trembling hands :
 Lay our sins upon his head ;
 Wait on the dread sacrifice ;
 Feel the lovely victim bleed,
 And die while Jesus dies !

3 Sinners, see, he dies for all,
 And feel his mortal wound !
 Prostrate on your faces fall,
 And kiss the hallow'd ground !
 Hallow'd by the streaming blood,
 Blood, whose virtue all may know ;
 Sharers with the dying God,
 And crucified below.

4 Sprinkled with the blood we lie,
 And bless its cleansing power ;
 Crying in the Spirit's cry,
 Our Saviour we adore !
 Jesu, Lord, whose cross we bear,
 Let thy death our sins destroy ;
 Make us, who thy sorrow share,
 Partakers of thy joy.

HYMN 132.

2-6s & 4-7s.

1 LET heaven and earth proclaim
Our common Saviour's name :
Offer'd by himself to God,
In his temple here beneath,
Him who shed for all his blood,
Him for all who tasted death.

2 By faith, e'en now we see
The suff'ring Deity
At the head of whole mankind :
Lo ! he comes for all to die ;
Not a soul is left behind,
Whom he did not love and buy.

3 First-born of many sons,
His blood for us atones ;
Saves us from the mortal pain,
If we by his cross abide ;
If we in the house remain,
Where our elder Brother died.

HYMN 133.

6 lines 8s.

1 O THOU, who hast our sorrows took,
Who all our sins didst singly bear,
To thy dear bloody cross we look ;
We cast us on thy offering there ;
For pardon on thy death rely,
For grace and strength to reach the sky.

2 We look on thee our dying Lamb,
On thee whom we have pierc'd, and mourn ;
Partakers of thy grief and shame,
Thy anguish hath our bosoms torn ;

For us thou didst thy life resign ;
 Was ever love or grief like thine !

3 O what a killing thought is this !
 A sword to pierce the faithful heart :
 Our sins have slain the Prince of Peace ;
 Our sins, which caus'd his mortal smart,
 With him we vow to crucify,—
 Our sins which murder'd God, shall die !

4 By faith we nail them to the tree,
 Till not one breath of life remain ;
 But what we can present to thee,
 (To thee whose blood hath purg'd our stain,
 Conjoin'd to thy great sacrifice,
 Well-pleasing in thy Father's eyes.

5 The sav'd and Saviour now agree,
 In closest fellowship combin'd ;
 We grieve, and die, and live with Thee,
 To thy great Father's will resign'd :
 And God doth all thy members own,
 One with thyself, for ever one.

HYMN 134.

C. M.

1 JESU, we know that thou hast died,
 And share the death we show ;
 If the first fruits be sanctified,
 The lump is holy too.

2 The sheaf was wav'd before the Lord,
 When Jesus bow'd his head ;
 And we, who thus his death record,
 One with himself are made.

3 The sheaf and harvest is but one
Accepted sacrifice ;
And we, who have thy suff'rings known,
Shall in thy life arise.

4 Still all involv'd in God we are,
And offer'd with the Lamb ;
Till all in heaven with Christ appear,
Eternally the same.

HYMN 135. 8s & 6s.

1 AMAZING love to mortals show'd !
The sinless body of our God
Was fasten'd to the tree :
And shall our sinful members live ?
No, Lord, they shall not thee survive,
They all shall die with thee.

2 The feet which did to evil run,
The hands which violent acts have done,
The greedy heart and eyes ;
Base weapons of iniquity,
We offer up to death with thee,
A whole burnt sacrifice.

3 Our sins are on thine altar laid,
We do not for their being plead,
Or circumscribe thy power :
Bound on thy cross thou seest them lie :
Let all this cursed Adam die,
Die, and revive no more !

4 Root out the seeds of pride and lust,
That each may of thy passion boast,
Which doth the freedom give :
“ The world to me is crucified,
And I, who on his cross have died,
To God for ever live.”

HYMN 136.

7s.

- 1 O THOU holy Lamb divine,
How canst thou and sinners join ?
God of spotless purity,
How shall men concur with Thee ?
- 2 Offer up one sacrifice,
Acceptable to the skies ;
What shall wretched sinners bring,
Pleasing to the glorious King ?
- 3 Only sin we call our own,
But thou art the darling Son :
Thine it is our God to' appease,
Him thou dost for ever please.
- 4 We on thee alone depend,
With thy sacrifice ascend ;
Render what thy grace hath given,
Lift our souls with thee to heaven.

HYMN 137.

L. M.

- 1 YE royal Priests of Jesus, rise,
And join the daily sacrifice ;
Join all believers in his name,
To offer up the spotless Lamb.
- 2 Your meat and your drink-offerings throw
On him who suffer'd once below ;
But ever lives with God above,
To plead for us his dying love.
- 3 Whate'er we cast on him alone,
Is with his great oblation one :
His sacrifice doth ours sustain,
And favour and acceptance gain.

- 4 On Him, who all our burdens bears,
We cast our praises and our prayers ;
Ourselves we offer up to God,
Implung'd in his atoning blood.
- 5 Mean are our noblest offerings,
Poor, feeble, unsubstantial things ;
But when to him our souls we lift,
The altar sanctifies the gift.
- 6 Our persons and our deeds aspire,
When cast into that hallow'd fire ;
Our most imperfect efforts please,
When join'd to Christ our Righteousness.
- 7 Mix'd with the sacred smoke we rise,
The smoke of his burnt-sacrifice ;
By the eternal Spirit driven
From earth, in Christ we mount to heaven.

HYMN 138.

10s.

- 1 All praise to the Lord, All praise is his due,
To-day is his word Of promise found true :
We, we are the nations Presented to God,
Well-pleasing oblations Through Jesus's blood.
- 2 Poor heathens from far, To Jesus we came,
And offer'd we are To God, through his name ;
To God, through the Spirit, Ourselves do we give ;
And sav'd by the merit Of Jesus, we live.

HYMN 139.

7s.

- 1 GOD of all redeeming grace,
By thy pardoning love compell'd,
Up to thee our souls we raise,
Up to thee our bodies yield.

2 Thou our sacrifice receive,
 Acceptable through thy Son ;
 While to thee alone we live,
 While we die to thee alone.

3 Just it is, and good, and right,
 That we should be wholly thine ;
 In thy only will delight,
 In thy blessed service join.

4 O that every thought and word
 Might proclaim how good thou art ;
 Holiness unto the Lord,
 Still be written on our heart.

HYMN 140.

6 lines 8s.

1 HE dies, as now for us he dies ;
 That all-sufficient sacrifice
 Subsists, eternal as the Lamb,
 In every time and place the same :
 To all alike it co-extends,
 Its saving virtue never ends.

2 He lives for us to intercede ;
 For us he doth this moment plead :
 And all who could not see him die,
 May now with Faith's interior eye
 Behold him stand as slaughter'd there,
 And feel the answer to his prayer.

3 While now for us the Saviour prays,
 Father, we humbly sue for grace ;
 Poor, helpless, dying victims we,
 Laden with sin and misery,
 His infinite atonement plead,
 Ourselves presenting with our Head.

4 Assur'd we shall acceptance find,
To Jesus in oblation join'd:
Where'er the scatter'd members look
To him, who all our sorrows took,
The saving efflux we receive,
And quicken'd by his passion live.

HYMN 141.

L. M.

1 HAPPY the souls that follow'd Thee,
Lamenting, to the' accursed wood;
Happy, who underneath the tree
Unmoveable in sorrow stood.

2 When nature felt the deadly blow,
By which my soul to God was driven,
Which shook with sympathetic woe,
Temple, and graves, and earth, and heaven.

3 O what a time for offering up
Their souls upon thy sacrifice!
Who would not with thy burden stoop,
And bow the head when Jesus dies!

4 Not all the days before or since,
An hour so solemn could afford,
For suffering with our bleeding Prince,
For dying with our slaughter'd Lord.

5 Yet in this ordinance divine,
We still the sacred load may bear;
And now we in thy offering join,
Thy sacramental passion share.

6 We cast our sins into that fire,
Which did thy sacrifice consume,
And every base and vain desire
To daily crucifixion doom.

7 Thou art with all thy members here,
 In this tremendous mystery :
 We jointly before God appear,
 To offer up ourselves with Thee.

8 True followers of our bleeding Lamb,
 Now on thy daily cross we die,
 And mingled in a common flame
 Ascend triumphant to the sky.

HYMN 142.

Peculiar Metre.

1 COME, we that record
 The death of our Lord,
 The death let us bear
 By faithful remembrance his sacrifice share.

2 Shall we let our God groan
 And suffer alone ;
 Or to Calvary fly,
 And nobly resolve with our Master to die ?

3 His servants shall be
 With him on the tree :
 Where Jesus was slain,
 His crucified servants shall always remain.

4 By the cross we abide
 Where Jesus hath died ;
 To all we are dead,
 The members can never outlive their own Head.

5 Poor penitents, we
 Expect not to see
 His glory above,
 Till first we have drank of the cup of his love.

6 Till first we partake
The cross for his sake,
And thankfully own,
The cup of his love and his sorrow are one.

7 Conform'd to his death,
If we suffer beneath,
With him we shall know
The power of his first resurrection below.

8 If his death we receive,
His life we shall live ;
If his cross we sustain,
His joy and his crown we in heaven shall gain.

HYMN 143.

8s & 6s.

1 FATHER, behold I come to do
Thy will ; I come to suffer too
Thy acceptable will :
Do with me, Lord, as seems thee good ;
Dispose of this weak flesh and blood,
And all thy mind fulfil.

2 Thy creature in thy hands I am,
Frail dust and ashes is my name ;
Thy earthen vessel use :
Mould as thou wilt the passive clay ;
But let me all thy will obey,
And all thy pleasure choose.

3 Welcome, whate'er my God ordain !
Afflict with poverty or pain,
This feeble flesh of mine ;
(But grant me strength to bear my load ;)
I will not murmur at thy rod,
Or for relief repine.

4 My spirit wound (but O ! be near)
 With what far more than death I fear,
 The darts of keenest shame ;
 Fulfill'd with more than killing smart,
 And wounded in the tend'rest part,
 I still adore thy name.

5 Beneath thy bruising hand I fall,
 Whate'er thou send'st, I take it all,
 Reproach, or pain, or loss ;
 I will not for deliv'rance pray,
 But humbly unto death obey,
 The death of Jesu's cross.

HYMN 144.

7s.

1 LET both Jews and Gentiles join,
 Friends and enemies combine,
 Vent their utmost rage on me,
 Still I look through all to thee.

2 Humbly own it is the Lord ;
 Let him wave o'er me his sword :
 Lo, I bow me to thy will ;
 Thou thy whole design fulfil.

3 Stricken by thine anger's rod,
 Dumb I fall before my God ;
 Or my dear Chastiser bless,
 Sing the paschal psalm of praise.

4 While the bitter herbs I eat,
 Him I for my foes intreat ;
 Let me die, but O ! forgive,
 Let my pardon'd murd'lers live !

HYMN 145.

C. M.

- 1 FATHER, into thy hands alone,
I have my all restor'd ;
My all thy property I own,
The steward of the Lord.
- 2 Hereafter none can take away
My life, or goods, or fame ;
Ready at thy demand to lay
Them down I always am.
- 3 Confiding in thy only love,
Through him who died for me,
I wait thy faithfulness to prove,
And give back all to thee.
- 4 Take when thou wilt into thy hands,
And as thou wilt require ;
Resume by the Sabean bands,
Or the devouring fire.
- 5 Determin'd all thy will to' obey,
Thy blessing I restore ;
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
I praise thee evermore.

HYMN 146.

6 lines 7s.

- 1 FATHER, if thou willing be,
Then my griefs awhile suspend ;
Then remove the cup from me,
Or thy strength'ning angel send :
Would'st thou have me suffer on ?
Father, let thy will be done.

2 Let my flesh be troubled still,
 Fill'd with pain or sore disease ;
 Let my wounded spirit feel
 Strong, redoubled agonies ;
 Meekly I my will resign,
 Thine be done, and only thine.

3 Patient as my great High-Priest,
 In his bitterness of pain ;
 Most abandon'd and distress'd,
 Father, I the cross sustain :
 All into thy hands I give,
 Let me die or let me live.

4 Following where my Lord hath led,
 Thee I on the cross adore,
 Humbly bow like him my head,
 All thy benefits restore ;
 Till my spirit I resign,
 Breath'd into the hands divine.

HYMN 147.

L. M.

1 JESU, to thee in faith we look ;
 O that our services might rise,
 Perfum'd and mingled with the smoke
 Of thy sweet-smelling sacrifice !

2 Thy sacrifice, with heav'nly powers
 Replete, all holy, all divine ;
 Human, and weak, and sinful ours :
 How can the two oblations join ?

3 Thy off'ring doth to ours impart
 Its righteousness and saving grace,
 While charg'd with all our sins thou art,
 To death devoted in our place.

4 Our mean, imperfect sacrifice,
 On thine is as a burthen thrown ;
Both in a common flame arise,
 And both in God's account are one.

HYMN 148.

S. M.

1 FATHER of mercies, hear
 Through thine atoning Son,
Who doth for us in heaven appear,
 And prays before thy throne.

2 By that great sacrifice,
 Which he for us doth plead ;
Into our Saviour's death baptize,
 And make us like our Head.

3 Into the fellowship
 Of Jesu's sufferings take,
Us who desire with him to sleep,
 That we with him may wake.

4 Plant us into his death,
 That we his life may prove,
Partakers of his cross beneath,
 And of his crown above.

HYMN 149.

4-6s & 2-7s.

1 JESU, my strength and hope,
 My righteousness and power,
My soul is lifted up,
 Thy mercy to implore ;
My hands I still stretch out to Thee,
 My hands I fasten to the tree.

2 No more may they offend,
 But do thy work below ;

Thou know'st I fain would spend
 My life thy praise to show :
 Nor will thy gracious love despise
 A sinner's meanest sacrifice.

3 Thy wounds have wounded me,
 Thy bloody cross subdu'd ;
 I feel my misery,
 And ever gasp for God :
 My prayers, and griefs, and groans, I join,
 And mingle all thy pangs with thine.

4 Jesu, a soul receive,
 Upon thine altar cast,
 To die with thee, and live
 When all my deaths are past :
 To live where grief can never rise,
 And reign with thee above the skies.

HYMN 150.

6 lines 8s.

1 FATHER, on us the Spirit bestow,
 Through which thine everlasting Son
 Offer'd himself for man below,
 That we, even we, before thy throne,
 Our souls and bodies may present,
 And pay thee all thy grace hath lent.

2 O let thy Spirit sanctify
 Whate'er to thee we now restore !
 And make us with thy will comply,
 With all our mind, and soul, and power ;
 Obey thee as thy saints above,
 In perfect innocence and love.

HYMN 151.

7s.

1 COME, thou Spirit of contrition,
 Fill our souls with tender fears ;
Conscious of our lost condition,
 Melt us into gracious tears :
Just and holy detestation
 Of our bosom-sins impart ;
Sins that caus'd our Saviour's passion,
 Sins that stabb'd him to the heart.

2 Fill our flesh with killing anguish ;
 All our members crucify ;
Let the offending nature languish,
 Till on Jesu's cross it die :
All our sins to death deliver ;
 Let not one, not one survive ;
Then we live to God for ever,
 Then in heaven on earth we live.

HYMN 152.

L. M.

1 ARM of the Lord, whose vengeance laid
 My sins upon my Saviour's head,
In mercy now the sinner see,
 And O destroy them all in me !

2 Accept, all-gracious as thou art,
 Accept a mournful sinner's heart,
Who pour my tears before my God,
 As a poor victim does its blood.

3 My feeble soul would fain aspire,
 Its zeal, and thoughts, and whole desire,
Lift up to thee through Jesu's name,
 As a burnt sacrifice its flame.

4 And since it cannot please alone,
 Accept it, Father, through thy Son ;
 Supported by his sacrifice,
 O may it from His altar rise !

5 Cloth'd in his righteousness receive,
 And bid me one with Jesus live ;
 Join all he sanctifies in one,
 One cross, one glory, and one crown.

HYMN 153.

L. M. D.

1 FATHER, thy feeble children meet,
 And make thy faithful mercies known ;
 Give us through faith the flesh to eat,
 And drink the blood of Christ thy Son :
 Honour thine own mysterious way,
 Thy sacramental presence show ;
 And all the fulness of thy grace,
 With Jesus, on our souls bestow.

2 Father, our sacrifice receive,
 Our souls and bodies we present ;
 Our goods, and vows, and praises give,
 Whate'er thy bounteous love hath lent :
 Thou canst not now our gift despise,
 Cast on that all-atoning Lamb ;
 Mix'd with the bleeding sacrifice,
 And offer'd up through Jesu's name.

HYMN 154.

7s.

1 JESU, did they crucify,
 Thee by highest heaven ador'd ?
 Let us also go and die
 With our dearest, dying Lord !

2 Lord, thou seest our willing heart ;
 Know'st its uppermost desire,
With our nature's life to part,
 Meekly on thy cross to' expire.

3 Fain we would be all like thee ;
 Suffer with our Lord beneath :
Grant us full conformity ;
 Plunge us deep into thy death.

4 Now inflict the mortal pain ;
 Now exert thy passion's power ;
Let the man of sin be slain ;
 Die the flesh to live no more.

HYMN 155.

6 lines 7s.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial Host,
 Let thy will on earth be done !
Praise by all to Thee be given,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !

2 Vilest of the fallen race,
 Lo ! I answer to thy call ;
Meanest vessel of thy grace,
 (Grace divinely free for all,)
Lo, I come to do thy will,
 All thy counsel to fulfil.

3 If so poor a worm as I,
 May to thy great glory live ;
All my actions sanctify,
 All my words and thoughts receive !
Claim me for thy service, claim
 All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my soul and body's powers ;
 Take my memory, mind, and will,
 All my goods, and all my hours,
 All I know, and all I feel,—
 All I think, and speak, and do ;
 Take my heart, but make it new.

5 Now, O God, thine own I am ;
 Now I give thee back thine own ;
 Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
 Consecrate to thee alone :
 Thine I live, thrice happy I,
 Happier still, for thine I die.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in Three, and Three in One,
 As by the celestial Host,
 Let thy will on earth be done !
 Praise by all to thee be given,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heaven !

HYMN 156.

Peculiar Metre.

1 ALL glory and praise
 To the Ancient of Days,
 Who was born and was slain to redeem a lost race.

2 Salvation to God,
 Who carried our load,
 And purchas'd our lives with the price of his blood.

3 And shall he not have
 The lives, which he gave
 Such an infinite ransom for ever to save ?

4 Yes, Lord, we are thine,
And gladly resign
Our souls to be fill'd with the fulness divine.

5 We yield thee thine own ;
We serve thee alone ;
Thy will upon earth, as in heaven be done.

6 How, when it shall be,
We cannot foresee ;
But O ! let us live, let us die unto thee !

HYMN 157.

C. M.

1 LET Him to whom we now belong,
His sovereign right assert ;
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price :
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesu, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our hearts' desire ;
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign ;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine,
Through all eternity !

VI. After the Saerament.**HYMN 158.**

S. M.

1 ALL praise to God above,
In whom we have believ'd !
The tokens of whose dying love
We have e'en now receiv'd.

2 Have with his flesh been fed,
And drank his precious blood :
His precious blood is drink indeed,
His flesh immortal food.

3 O what a taste is this,
Which now in Christ we know ;
An earnest of our glorious bliss,
Our heaven begun below !

4 When He the table spreads,
How royal is the cheer !
With rapture we lift up our heads,
And own that God is here.

5 He bids us taste his grace,
The joys of angels prove ;
The stamm'lers' tongues are loos'd to praise
Our dear Redeemer's love.

6 Salvation to our God,
That sits upon the throne ;
Salvation be alike bestow'd
On his triumphant Son !

7 The Lamb for sinners slain,
Who died to die no more ;
Let all the ransom'd sons of men,
With all his hosts adore.

8 Let earth and heaven be join'd,
His glories to display,
And hymn the Saviour of mankind
In one eternal day !

HYMN 159. 10s.

1 ALL glory and praise To Jesus our Lord !
His ransoming grace We gladly record ;
His bloody oblation And death on the tree,
Hath purchas'd salvation In heaven for me.

2 The Saviour hath died For *me* and for *you* ;
The blood is applied, The record is true :
The Spirit bears witness, And speaks in the blood,
And gives us the fitness For living with God.

HYMN 160. 6 lines 8s.

1 WELCOME, delicious, sacred cheer,
Welcome, my God, my Saviour dear !
O, with me, in me, live and dwell !
Thine, earthly joy surpasses quite :
The depths of thy supreme delight,
Not angel-tongues can fully tell.

2 What streams of sweetness from the bowl,
Surprise and deluge all my soul ;
Sweetness which is, and makes divine :
Surely from God's right hand they flow,
From thence deriv'd to earth below,
To cheer us with immortal wine.

3 Soon as I taste the heav'ly bread,
 What manna o'er my soul is shed ;
 Manna, that angels never knew !
 Victorious sweetness fills my heart,
 Such as my God delights to' impart,
 Mighty to save, and sin subdue.

4 I had forgot my heavenly birth,
 My soul degen'rate clave to earth,
 In sense and sin's base pleasures drown'd ;
 When God assum'd humanity,
 And spilt his sacred blood for me,
 To wash and lift me from the ground.

5 Soon as his love has rais'd me up,
 He mingles blessings in a cup,
 And sweetly meets my ravish'd taste ;
 Joyous I now throw off my load,
 I cast my sins and care on God,
 And wine becomes a wing at last.

6 Upborne on this, I mount, I fly ;
 Regaining swift my native sky,
 I wipe my streaming eyes, and see
 Him whom I seek, for whom I sue ;
 My God, my Saviour, there I view,
 And live with him who died for me.

HYMN 161.

7s.

“ *Therefore with Angels and Archangels,” &c*

1 LORD, and God of heavenly powers,
 Theirs, yet, O ! benignly ours :
 Glorious King ! let earth proclaim,
 Worms attempt to chant thy name.

- 2 Thee to laud in songs divine,
Angels and Archangels join :
We with them our voices raise,
Echoing thy eternal praise.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Live, by heaven and earth ador'd !
Full of thee, they ever cry,
Glory be to God most high !

HYMN 162. *Peculiar Metre.*

- 1 HOSANNAH in the highest
To our exalted Saviour,
Who left behind,
For all mankind,
These tokens of his favour !
- 2 His bleeding love and mercy,
His all-redeeming passion,
Who here displays,
And gives the grace
Which brings us our salvation.
- 3 Louder than gather'd waters,
Or bursting peals of thunder,
We lift our voice,
And speak our joys,
And shout our loving wonder !
- 4 Shout all our elder brethren,
While we record the story
Of Him that came,
And suffer'd shame,
To carry us to glory.
- 5 Angels in fix'd amazement,
Around our altars hover ;
With eager gaze
Adore the grace
Of our eternal Lover :

6 Himself, and all his fulness,
 Who gives to the believer ;
 And by this bread
 Whoe'er are fed,
 Shall live with God for ever !

HYMN 163.

7s.

Glory to God on high, and on Earth Peace, &c.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high,
 God, whose glory fills the sky ;
 Peace on earth to man forgiven,
 Man the well-beloved of heaven.
- 2 Sov'reign Father, heavenly King,
 Thee we now presume to sing ;
 Glad thine attributes confess,
 Glorious all and numberless.
- 3 Hail, by all thy works ador'd :
 Hail, the everlasting Lord !
 Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
 Lord of power, and God of love.
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own ;
 Christ the Father's only Son ;
 Lamb of God for sinners slain,
 Saviour of offending man.
- 5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
 Hear, the world's atonement Thou ;
 Jesu, in thy name we pray,
 Take, O take our sins away !

6 Powerful advocate with God,
Justify us by thy blood!
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement, Thou!

7 Hear, for thou, O Christ, alone,
With thy glorious Sire art one;
One the Holy Ghost with Thee;
One supreme, eternal Three!

HYMN 164.

7s.

1 SONS of God, triumphant rise,
Shout the' accomplish'd sacrifice;
Shout your sins in Christ forgiven,
Sons of God, and heirs of heaven!

2 Ye that round our altars throng,
Listening angels, join the song;
Sing with us, ye heavenly powers,
Pardon, grace, and glory ours!

3 Love's mysterious work is done;
Greet we now the' atoning Son;
Heal'd and quicken'd by his blood,
Join'd to Christ, and one with God.

4 Christ, of all our hopes the seal:
Peace divine in Christ we feel;
Pardon to our souls applied;
Dead for all, for *me* he died.

5 Sin shall tyrannize no more;
Purg'd its guilt, dissolv'd its power:
Jesus makes our hearts his throne;
There he lives and reigns alone.

6 Grace our every thought controuls ;
 Heaven is open'd in our souls :
 Everlasting life is won ;
 Glory is on earth begun.

7 Christ in us ;—in Him we see
 Fulness of the Deity ;
 Beam of the eternal Beam ;
 Life divine we taste in Him.

8 Him by faith we taste below,
 Mightier joys ordain'd to know ;
 When his utmost grace we prove,
 Rise to heaven by perfect love.

HYMN 165.

C. M.

1 How happy are thy servants, Lord,
 Who thus remember Thee ;
 What tongue can tell our sweet accord,
 Our perfect harmony !

2 Who thy mysterious supper share,
 Here at thy table fed,
 Many, and yet but one we are,
 One undivided bread.

3 One with the living bread divine,
 Which now by faith we eat,
 Our hearts, and minds, and spirits join,
 And all in Jesus meet.

4 So dear the tie where souls agree
 In Jesu's dying love ;
 Then only can it closer be,
 When all are join'd above.

HYMN 166.

L. M.

- 1 HAPPY the saints of former days,
Who first continued in the word ;
A simple, lowly, loving race,
True followers of their lamb-like Lord.
- 2 In holy fellowship they liv'd,
Nor would from the commandment move ;
But every joyful day receiv'd
The tokens of expiring love.
- 3 Not then above their Master wise,
They simple in his paths remain'd ;
And call'd to mind his sacrifice,
With steadfast faith and love unfeign'd.
- 4 From house to house they broke the bread,
Impregnated with life divine,
And drank the Spirit of their Head,
Transmitted in the sacred wine.
- 5 With Jesu's constant presence bless'd,
While duteous to his dying word,
They kept the eucharistic feast,
And supp'd in Eden with their Lord.
- 6 Throughout their spotless lives was seen,
The virtue of this heavenly food :
Superior to the sons of men
They soar'd aloft, and walk'd with God.
- 7 O what a flame of sacred love
Was kindl'd by the altar's fire !
They liv'd on earth like those above,
Glad rivals of the heav'nly choir.

8 Strong in the strength herewith receiv'd,
And mindful of the Crucified ;
His confessors, for Him they liv'd,—
For him his faithful martyrs died.

9 Their souls from chains of flesh releas'd,
By torture from their bodies driven,
With violent faith the kingdom seiz'd,
And fought and forc'd their way to heaven.

10 Where is the pure primeval flame,
Which in their faithful bosom glow'd ?
Where are the followers of the Lamb,
The dying witnesses for God ?

11 Why is the faithful seed decreas'd,
The life of God extinct and dead ?
The daily sacrifice is ceas'd,
And charity to heaven is fled.

12 Sad, mutual causes of decay,
Slackness and vice together move ;
Grown cold, we cast the means away,
And quench'd the latest spark of love.

13 The sacred signs thou didst ordain,
Our pleasant things are all laid waste ;
To men of lips and hearts profane,
To dogs, and swine, and heathen cast.

14 Thine holy ordinance contemn'd,
Hath let the flood of evil in ;
And those who by thy name are nam'd,
The sinners unbaptized out-sin.

15 But canst thou not thy work revive,
Once more in our degenerate years ?
O wouldst thou with thy rebels strive,
And melt them into gracious tears !

16 O wouldest thou to thy church return !
For which the faithful remnant sighs ;
For which the drooping nations mourn ;
Restore the daily sacrifice.

17 Return, and with thy servants sit,
Lord of the sacramental feast,
And satiate us with heav'nly meat,
And make the *world* thy happy guest.

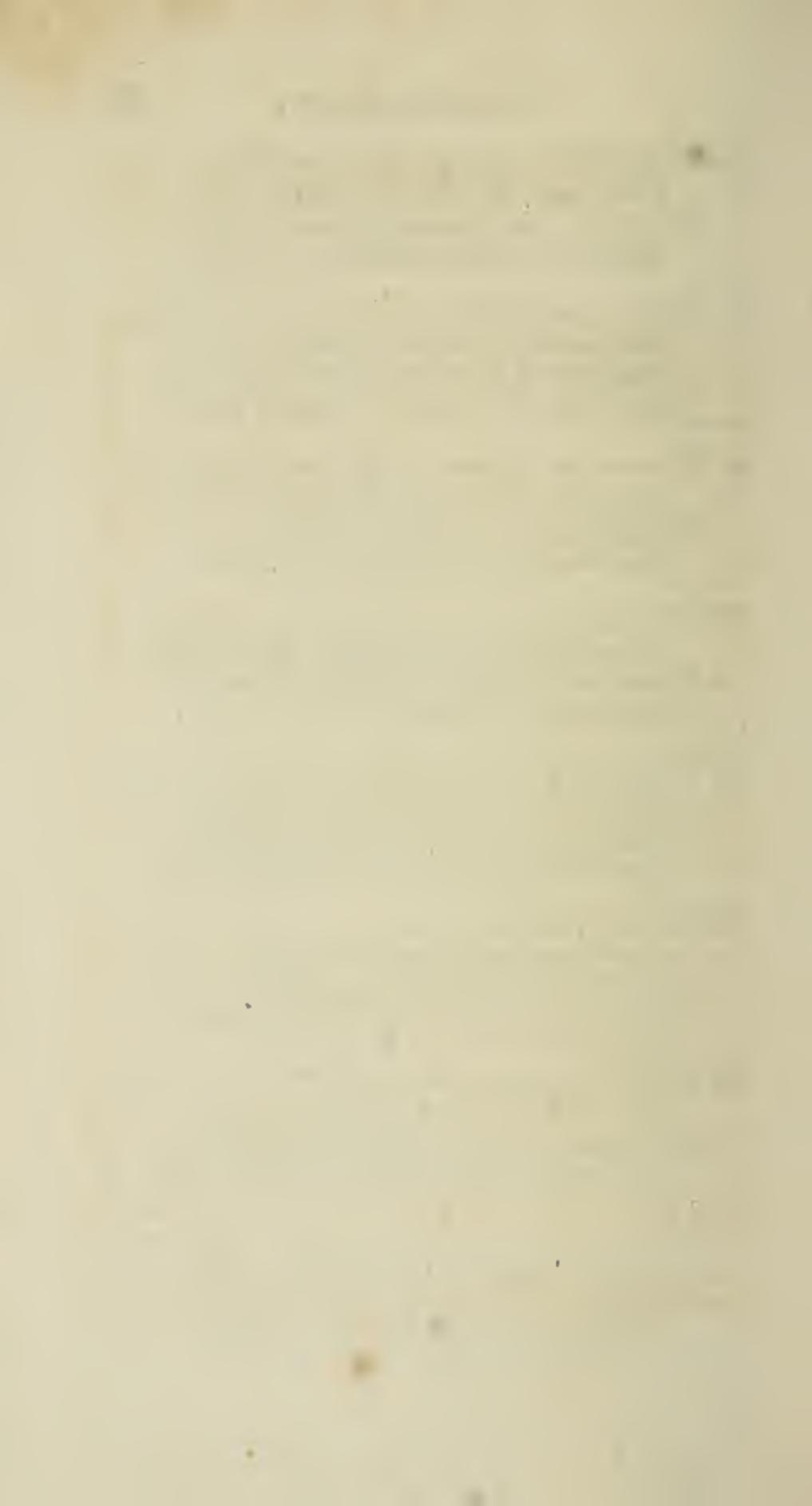
18 Now let the Spouse, reclin'd on Thee,
Come up out of the wilderness ;
From every spot and wrinkle free,
And wash'd and perfected in grace.

19 Thou hear'st the pleading Spirit's groan ;
Thou know'st the groaning Spirit's will ;
Come in thy gracious kingdom down,
And all thy ransom'd servants seal.

20 Come quickly, Lord, the Spirit cries,
The number of thy saints complete ;
Come quickly, Lord, the Bride replies,
And make us all for glory meet.

21 Erect thy tabernacle here,
The New Jerusalem send down :
Thyselv amidst thy saints appear,
And seat us on thy dazzling throne.

22 Begin the great millenial day ;
Now, Saviour, with a shout descend ;
Thy standard in the heavens display,
And bring the joy which ne'er shall end !



INDEX.

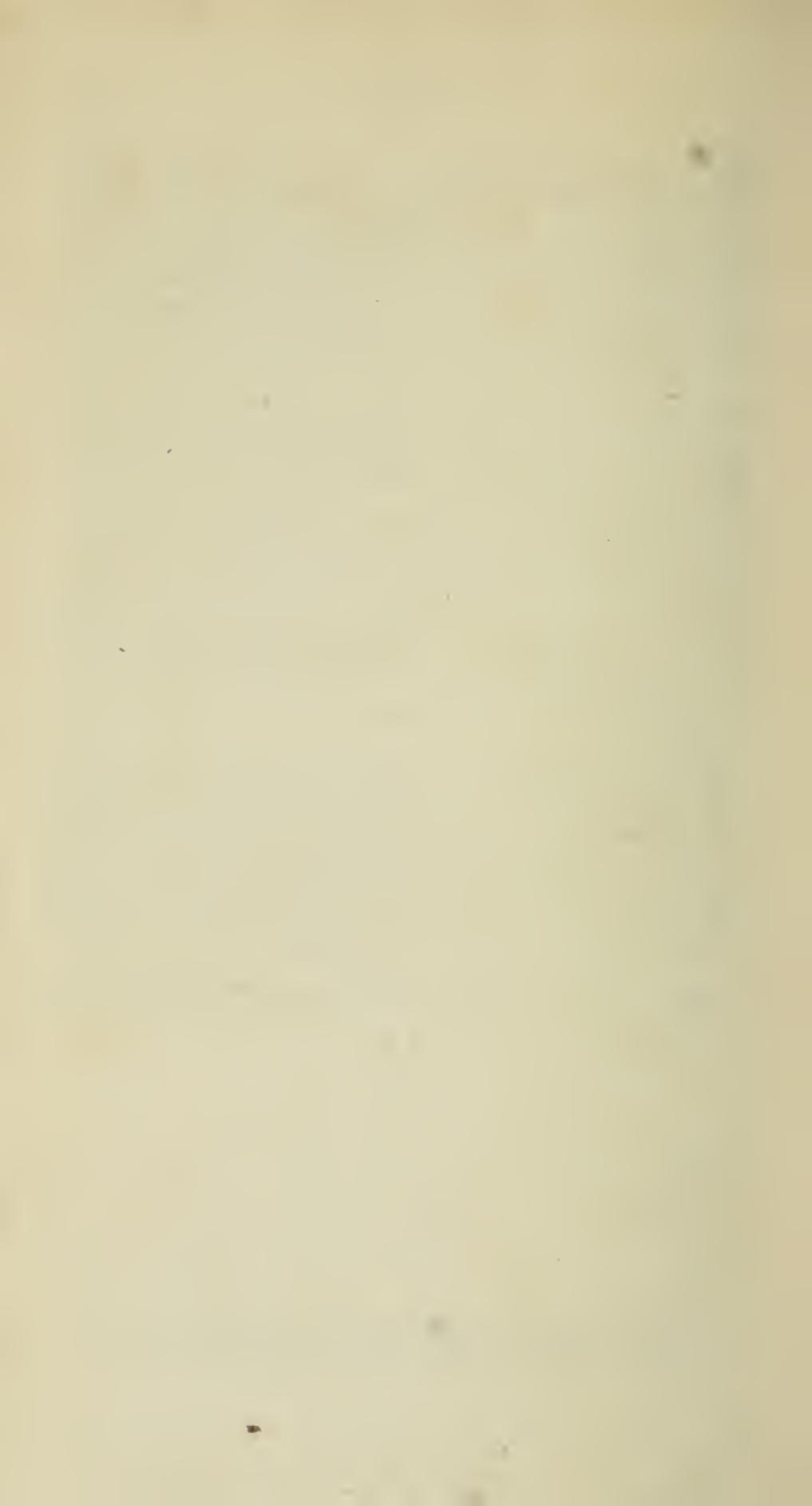
	<i>Page</i>
Ah, tell us no more.....	98
Ah, give me, Lord, my sins to mourn	42
Ah, give us, Saviour, to partake.....	116
All glory and praise	154
All glory and praise to Jesus our Lord.....	157
All hail, Redeemer of mankind.....	129
All hail, thou mighty to atone	133
All hail, thou suff'ring Son of God	115
All-loving, all-redeeming Lord	101
All praise to God above	156
All praise to the Lord, All praise is his due	141
Amazing mystery of love	53
Amazing love to mortals show'd	139
And can we call to mind.....	118
And shall I let him go	97
Arm of the Lord, whose vengeance laid	151
Author of life divine	66
Author of our salvation, thee.....	58
 Bless'd be the Lord, for ever bless'd	84
Bless'd be the love, for ever bless'd.....	100
But soon the tender life will die.....	63
By the picture of thy passion	98
 Christ our passover for us	95
Come, all who truly bear	46
Come hither all, whose grov'ling taste	43
Come, Holy Ghost, set to thy seal.....	42
Come, Holy Ghost, thine influence shed	87
Come, let us join with one accord	105
Come, thou spirit of contrition.....	151
Come to the feast, for Christ invites	79
Come to the supper, come	43
Come, thou everlasting Spirit.....	49
Come we that record.....	144
 Did thine ancient Israel go	131
Draw near, ye blood-besprinkled race.....	86
Dying friend of sinners, hear us.....	48
 Eternal Spirit, gone up on high.....	118
Expiring in the sinner's place	55

	<i>Page</i>
Father, behold I come to do	145
Father, behold thy favourite Son	126
Father, God, who seest in me	125
Father, hear the blood of Jesus	47
Father, into thy hands alone.....	147
Father, if thou willing be.....	<i>ib.</i>
Father, I offer thee thine own.....	85
Father, let the sinner go	127
Father of everlasting love	72
Father of mercies, hear	149
Father, on us the Spirit bestow.....	150
Father, see the victim slain.....	125
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.....	153
Father, the grace we claim.....	88
Father, thy feeble children meet	152
Father, thy own in Christ receive.....	44
Father, to him we turn our face	130
Forgive, the Saviour cries.....	50
 Give us, O Lord, the children's bread	119
Give us this day, all bounteous Lord	99
Glory be to God on high.....	160
Glory to him who freely spent.....	67
God incomprehensible.....	79
God of all-redeeming grace	141
God of unexampled grace	52
 Happy the man to whom 'tis given	86
Happy the saints of former days	163
Happy the souls that follow'd thee.....	143
Happy the souls to Jesus join'd.....	107
Hearts of stone, relent, relent.....	54
He dies, as now for us he dies.....	142
Hosannah in the highest.....	159
How dreadful is the mystery.....	76
How glorious is the life above.....	111
How happy are thy servants, Lord.....	162
How long, O Lord, shall we	90
How long, thou faithful God, shall I	78
How richly is thy table stor'd	70
 Jesu, at whose supreme command.....	59
Jesu, dear redeeming Lord	61
Jesu, did they crucify.....	152
Jesu, my Lord and God, bestow.....	84
Jesu, my strength and hope.....	149
Jesu, regard the plaintive cry.....	92
Jesu, sinner's Friend, receive us	94
Jesu, Son of God, draw near	85
Jesu, suff'ring Deity.....	46
Jesu, thy weakest servants bless	71

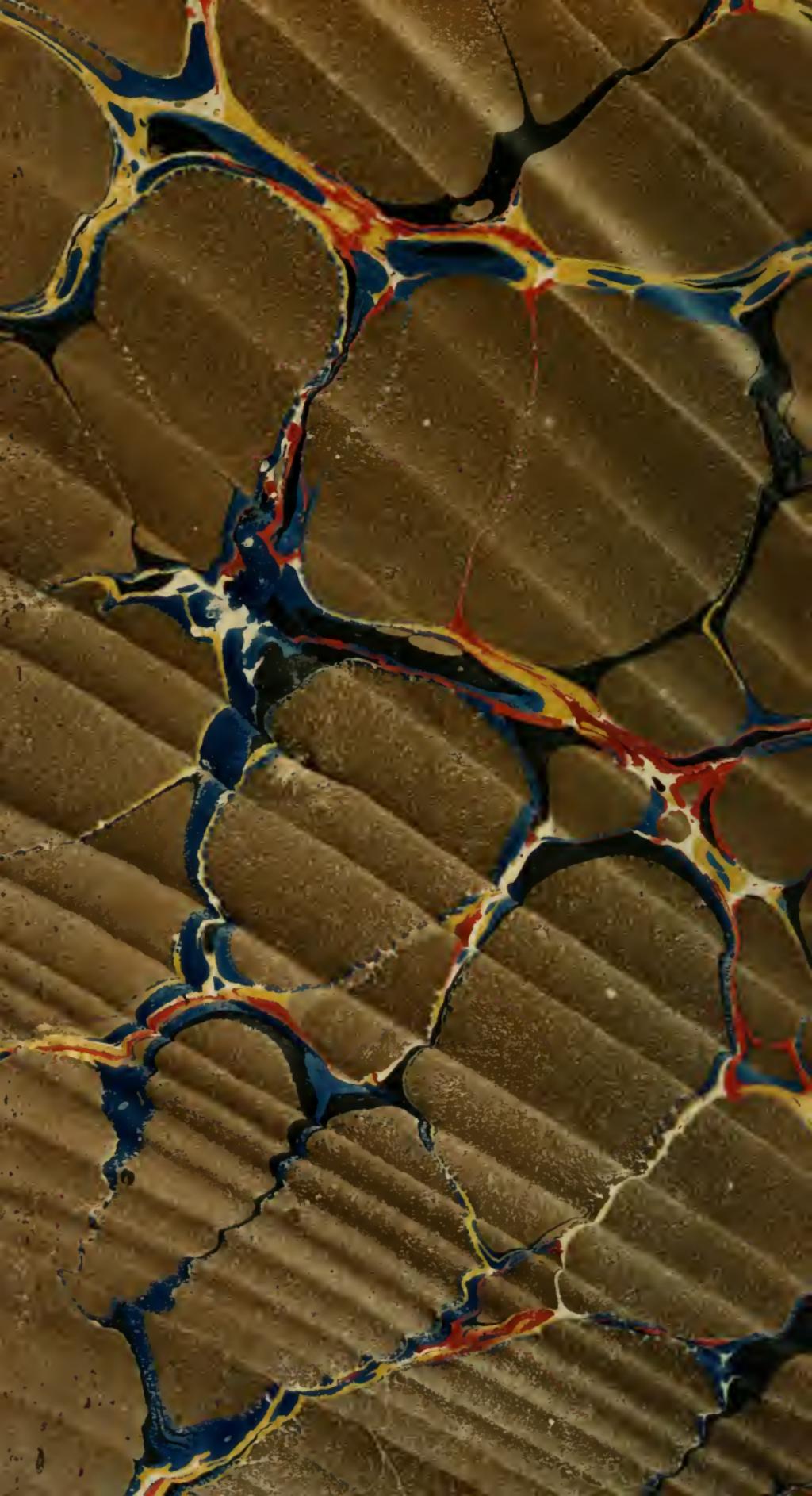
	<i>Page</i>
Jesu, to thee for help we call	61
Jesu, to thee in faith we look.....	148
Jesu, we follow thee.....	135
Jesu, we know that thou hast died.....	138
Jesu, we thus obey.....	93
Jesu, on thee we feed	117
In an accepted day of love.....	55
In Jesus we live, In Jesus we rest.....	107
In that sad memorable night.....	37
In this expressive bread I see.....	38
Is not the cup of blessing bless'd	87
 Lamb of God, for whom we languish.....	70
Lamb of God, whose bleeding love.....	51
Let all who truly bear.....	40
Let both Jews and Gentiles join	146
Let heaven and earth proclaim	137
Let him to whom we now belong.....	155
Lift up your eyes of faith and see.....	113
Lift up your eyes of faith and look.....	50
Live our eternal Priest.....	124
Lord and God of heav'nly powers.....	158
Lord, if now thou passest by us.....	95
Lord of life, thy followers see.....	62
Lord, thou know'st my simpleness.....	116
 O God of our forefathers, hear.....	130
O God of faith and love	74
O God that hear'st the prayer.....	45
O God, thy word we claim.....	83
O glorious instrument divine	121
O Rock of our salvation, see.....	60
O the depth of love divine	77
O the grace on man bestow'd.....	83
O the length, and breadth, and height.....	112
O thou eternal victim slain	41
O thou holy Lamb divine	140
O thou paschal Lamb of God.....	62
O thou, who hanging on the cross.....	73
O thou, who hast our sorrows took	137
O thou, who this mysterious bread	58
O thou, whom sinners love, whose care	96
O thou, whose off'ring on the tree	128
O what a soul-transporting feast.....	106
Our passover for us is slain	68
 Prince of life, for sinners slain	54
 Returning to his Father's throne.....	113
Returning to his throne above.....	110
Rock of Israel cleft for me.....	27

	<i>Page</i>
Saviour, and can it be.....	68
Saviour of my soul from sin	71
Searcher of hearts, in ours appear	89
See there the quick'ning cause of all.....	120
See where our great High Priest	124
Sinful, and blind, and poor	85
Sinner, with awe draw near.....	65
Son of God, thy blessing grant	72
Sons of God, triumphant rise.....	161
 Take and eat, the Saviour saith.....	112
The heavenly ordinances shine	81
Thee, King of saints, we praise.....	108
Then let us go, and take, and eat	39
This, this is he that came	88
'Tis done, the' atoning work is done.....	56
'Tis not a dead, external sign.....	75
Thou God of boundless power and grace.....	80
Thou Lamb that suffer'dst on the tree.....	123
Thou very paschal Lamb.....	73
Tremendous love to all mankind	69
Truth of the paschal sacrifice	66
 Victim Divine, thy grace we claim.....	122
Welcome, delicious, sacred cheer	157
What are these array'd in white.....	114
Where shall this memorial end	106
Who is this that comes from far.....	49
Whither shall our full souls aspire	110
Why did my dying Lord ordain.....	74
With pity, Lord, a sinner see.....	92
Worthy the Lamb of endless praise	64
Would the Saviour of mankind	135
 Ye faithful souls who thus record	100
Ye royal priests of Jesus, rise	140









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